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The Serpentine in Winter

BY MONA PRICE.

Faint through the mist I see
The dim ghost of a tree,
By it alone I guess
The ice not limitless,
And river, bank and flower
But shrouded for an hour.
Soon the red hawthorn-bud
Will glow on the gnarled wood,
Magnolia boughs uncurl
Blossoms of rose and pearl,
On lawn and bush be heard
Chirping of child and bird,
And the rowers' golden hair
Gleam in the sunlight fair

But now all colour's dead
And every sound has fled
Save the distant bark of a dog
Mournful, muffled by fog;
The cold birds may not rest
Fluffed out each neck and breast,
Swan and duck and sparrow
All frozen to the marrow,
Fierce gull and shy moor-hen
Starving, beg food of men,
The boats are piled away
To await a summer's day,
Even the stone nymphs must now
Wear coronals of snow.

Ballade

DE VILLON A S'AMYE.

After the French of François Villon.

BY MICHAEL SCOT.

False bright love that has my soul in tether,
Rose most fragrant and cruel as a snare,
Ah heart tender as steel that pierces leather,
Named with beauty too musical to bear
Courteous queen of pity unaware :
O child mouth that pity may not lure,
Young eyes scornful : give answer to my prayer
Sweet proud love, have mercy on the poor !

All my great grief does not weigh a feather
Heavy words lightly float upon the air
I might as well give over altogether
All the jeering world hunts me to my lair
Hurroo ! hurroo ! they chase me everywhere.
Why would they mind the laments of a boor ?
Nobody heeds me in my black despair
Sweet proud love, have mercy on the poor.

Vain love, one day black old Time will weather
(Ill day surely !) your shining skin and hair
Lo then I'll laugh, my flower of the heather !
Laugh ? Och my woe ! by then I will not care
Old I'll be then and you no longer fair
Now the sun shines on mountain, bog and moor
Pity me now, my treasure and my share
Sweet proud love, have mercy on the poor !

Amourous prince of lovers the most rare
Far be your anger from me I adjure
True hearts, everywhere, cry with me, I swear,
Sweet proud love, have mercy on the poor !

Shelley's Translations from the Greek

With Observations on his Classical Scholarship.

By B. FARRINGTON.

The reputation of Shelley as a classical scholar is legendary. We learn, on the one hand, that he was prodigiously read in the Greek and Latin classics. And, on the other hand, that his inaccuracy was as much in evidence in his scholarship as in his original work is often indicated, particularly by the uplifted hands of Swinburne over the entry in the Swiss album :—

εἰμι φιλόπρωπος δημοκράτης τ' ἄθεός τε.

For where most visitors raise their hands over the spirit of the entry, it was the letter that distressed Swinburne.¹

Those interested, however, in the fact behind the legend need not hunt in the visitors' books of continental hotels for evidence either of Shelley's accomplishment or limitations as a classical scholar. Among his *Juvenilia* is the epigram :—

In Horologium.

Inter marmoreas Leonorae pendula colles

Fortunata nimis Machina dicit poras,

Quas *manibus* premit illa duas insensa papillas

Cur mihi sit *digito* tangere, amata, nefas?

If we point at the metrical defect of the first pentameter, it is not with the finger of scorn. Yet that Shelley should have been unaware of it makes more credible the report of Medwin that "he would sometimes open at hazard a prose writer, as Livy or Sallust, and by changing the position of the words, and occasionally substituting others, he would transmute several sentences from prose to verse, to heroic, or more commonly elegiac verse, for he was particularly charmed with the graceful and easy flow of the latter, with surprising rapidity and readiness." If the quantities suffered occasional rearrangement as well as the words, the legend becomes less apocryphal.

¹ "I copy the spelling with all due regret and horror, but not without rejoicing on his account that Shelley was clear of Eton when he committed this verse, and had now for critic or commentator a Gifford only in place of a Keate." Notes on the Text of Shelley: *Fortnightly* May, 1869.

Those who read through Mr. Locock's report on the readings of the Shelley MSS. in the Bodleian Library will, among much of greater interest and importance, have found occasion for a hearty laugh over a rendering of a phrase in the *Cyclops* of Euripides there recorded. At line 564 the words *χῶσπερ οὐκ ἐμέ* are rendered "so you will not vomit"! The thoroughness with which Shelley could, on occasion, forget all that he knew of Greek is here well exemplified. A false rendering of a different sort, and of much greater interest, as containing more of the personality of the translator, occurs in the version of the *Ion* of Plato. In the famous passage where the work of the poet is compared to that of the bee, Shelley gives us the following: "They tell us that these souls, flying like bees from flower to flower, and wandering over the gardens and meadows, and the honey-flowing fountains of the Muses, return to us laden with the sweetness of melody; and *arrayed as they are in the plumes of rapid imagination*, they speak truth." Of the genesis of this mistake we shall speak later; but even the reader most innocent of Greek might be allowed to doubt whether so purely Shelleyan a phrase as that italicised had its equivalent in Plato.

The two examples of mistranslation just quoted, coming indifferently from the verse and the prose, might create, or rather confirm, the impression that there is nothing to choose in merit or accuracy between Shelley's renderings of Plato and his versions of the *Cyclops* and the Homeric Hymns. One of the definite results, however, which the detailed comparison of his translations side by side with their originals establishes is that there is a very definite line to be drawn between the two performances. The prose translations are not only earlier in time and less complete, but they are definitely inferior in accuracy of scholarship, as adequate renderings of their originals, and as English compositions. So great is the distinction, that whereas the versions of the *Cyclops* and of the Homeric Hymns are among the peerless works in their kind, the prose translations, in addition to being, all of them, fragments, are sufficiently inaccurate to be unacceptable as translations, though they contain superb passages of prose and could ill be spared from the body of Shelley's work.

In the prose versions, even on the most superficial examination, a number of errors become apparent. The mistakes which occur may conveniently be distinguished under two heads. There

are, first, the petty inaccuracies which are very pertinent to our enquiry, but of little interest or importance for the general reader for whom Shelley made his translations. And secondly, there are the more serious blunders which often betray themselves even to a reader ignorant of the Greek, by something forced and unnatural either in the expression or in the thought.

The opening speech of the *Symposium* affords three examples of the less serious blunders. "I know you are a *faithful* reporter of the discussions of your friends" is the rendering we find for *δικαιότατος γὰρ εἰ τοὺς τοῦ ἑταίρου λόγους ἀπαγγέλλειν*. The correct translation is "For you are the fittest person to report your friends' arguments"; and it will be noticed that Shelley has missed the idiomatic personal use of *δίκαιος*. Again, in the next sentence we read "If he thinks (*ἡγεῖ*) that these discussions took place," where Shelley mistakes the second for the third person. And towards the end of the speech we find: "Thus as we walked I gave him some account of those discussions concerning Love; *since* (*ὥστε*), as I said before, I remember them with sufficient accuracy," where "since" should be "so that." Finally, in the *Ion* the third sentence runs: "*Had* the Epidaurians *instituted* (*τιθέασιν*) a contest of rhapsody in honour of the God?" ignoring the tense of the verb.

The proper place in which to take note of all such blemishes—and they are frequent—would be in a critical edition of the translations, noting them as they occur. Their importance for our enquiry is that they prepare us for the more serious blunders—the occasional absurdities, and the more frequent wild but brilliant guesses to which the translator was reduced in the more difficult passages.

The criterion by which one would seek to distinguish a serious from a trivial error is necessarily largely subjective; and the following is a complete list of the mistranslations in the *Ion* which the present writer would class as serious, because the English version is either in itself feeble or absurd, or, though apparently sensible, yet unusually wide of the Greek:—

531C. οὐ περὶ πολέμου τε τὰ πολλὰ διελέχθηεν καὶ περὶ ὁμιλιῶν πρὸς ἀλλήλους ἀνθρώπων ἀγαθῶν τε καὶ κακῶν καὶ ἰδιωτῶν καὶ δημονεργῶν;

"Does he not principally treat of war and social intercourse, and of the *distinct functions and characters* of the brave man and

the coward, the professional and private person ? ” The meaning is, “ Does he not principally treat of war and the social intercourse of men, good and bad, private and professional ? ”

532b. οὐκοῦν, εἴπερ τὸν ἐδ' λέγοντα γινώσκεις, καὶ τοὺς χειρόν λέγοντας γινώσκοις ἂν οὐτὶ χειρόν λέγουσιν.

“ But if you can judge of what is well said by the one, you must also be able to judge of what is ill said by another, *inasmuch as it expresses less correctly.*” The correct rendering is : “ But if you recognise the good speaker, you must also recognise that those who speak worse do speak worse.”

532c. ἐπεὶ καὶ περὶ τούτου οὗ νῦν ἡρόμην σε, θέασαι ὥς φαῦλον καὶ ιδιωτικόν ἐστι καὶ παντὸς ἀνδρὸς γινῶναι ὃ ἔλεγον, τὴν αὐτὴν εἶναι σκέψιν, ἐπειδὴν τις ὅλην τέχνην λάβῃ.

“ Observe how common, vulgar, and level to the comprehension of anyone, is *the question which I now ask relative to the same consideration belonging to one entire art.*” The true sense is : “ For with regard to the question I put you just now, observe how common, vulgar, and level to the comprehension of anyone is my statement, that the method of enquiry must be the same whenever an art as a whole is discussed.”

534b. λέγουσι γὰρ δῆπουθεν πρὸς ἡμᾶς οἱ ποιηταὶ ὅτι ἀπὸ κρηνῶν μελιρρῶτων ἐκ Μουσῶν κήπων τινῶν καὶ ναπῶν δρεπόμενοι τὰ μέλη ἡμῖν φέρουσι ὥσπερ αἱ μέλιται, καὶ αὐτοὶ οὕτω πετόμενοι καὶ ἀληθῆ λέγουσι.

“ They tell us that these souls, flying like bees from flower to flower, and wandering over the gardens and meadows, and the honey-flowing fountains of the Muses, return to us laden with the sweetness of melody ; and *arrayed as they are in the plumes of rapid imagination*, they speak truth.” The phrase italicised has been spun by Shelley's own rapid imagination out of the one word πετόμενοι, which he has detached from its proper connection with the words that precede it and joined to the following clause. His version is substantially correct if we omit the italicised phrase entirely.

534b-c. ἄτε οὖν οὐ τέχνη ποιοῦντες καὶ πολλὰ λέγοντες καὶ καλὰ περὶ τῶν πραγμάτων, ὥσπερ σὺ περὶ Ὀμήρου, ἀλλὰ θεῖα μόρα, . . .

“ Thus, *those who declaim various and beautiful poetry upon any subject*, as for instance upon Homer, are not enabled to do

so by art or study." This is hardly more than nonsense. The Greek means : " Since then it is not by art but by divine dispensation that poets compose and utter their many fine thoughts about their subjects, as you do about Homer "

535e. καθορῶ γὰρ ἐκάστοτε αὐτοὺς ἄνωθεν ἀπὸ τοῦ βήματος κλάοντάς τε καὶ δεινὸν ἐμβλέποντας καὶ συνθαμβοῦντας τοῖς λεγομένοις. δεῖ γάρ με καὶ σφόδρ' αὐτοῖς τὸν νοῦν προσέχειν

" I, standing on the rostrum, see them weeping, *with eyes fixed earnestly on me*, and overcome by my declamation. *I have need so to agitate them . . .*" The italicised phrases should read : " With terror in their eyes " and " I have the greatest need to give my attention to them."

538d-e. σκέψαι δή, σοῦ ἐρομένου, εἰ ἐροῖό με " Ἐπειδὴ τοίνυν, ᾧ Σώκρατες, τούτων τῶν τεχνῶν ἐν Ὀμήρῳ εὐρίσκεις ἃ προσήκει ἐκάστη διακρίνειν, ἴθι μοι ἔξευρε καὶ τὰ τοῦ μάντεώς τε καὶ μαντικῆς, ποῖά ἐστιν ἃ προσήκει αὐτῷ οἴω τι εἶναι διαγιγνώσκειν, εἴτε εἶτε κακῶς πεποίηται " — σκέψαι ὡς ῥαδίως τε καὶ ἀληθῆ ἐγὼ σοι ἀποκρινοῦμαι.

" Consider *whether you are not inspired* to make some such demand as this to me : Come, Socrates, since you have found in Homer an accurate description of these arts, assist me also in the enquiry as to his competence on the subject of soothsayers and divination ; and how far he speaks well or ill on such subjects." Here the feeble makeshift of the opening sentence seems to involve a confusion of the verbs *εἶρωμαι* and *ἐράω*. And all that follows is misconstrued. The meaning is : " Consider, pray, if you were questioning me, and if you asked me, ' Well then, Socrates, since you find in Homer what it is fitting for each art to pronounce a decision upon, come and discover also with regard to the soothsayer and his art what it is fitting that he should be able to pronounce a decision upon, as to whether it has been well or ill done "—consider, I say, how well and truly I shall answer you."

541e. ἀλλὰ ἀτεχνῶς ὥσπερ ὁ Πρωτεύς παντοδαπὸς γίγνηι στρεφόμενος ἄνω καὶ κάτω, ἕως τελευτῶν διαφυγῶν με στρατηγὸς ἀνεφάνης, . . .

" But, as various as Proteus, you change from one thing to another, and *to escape at last, you disappear* in the form of a general." The concluding phrase should run " and you escape me at last by appearing in the form of a general."

.

It is not proposed here to set forth the errors in the *Symposium* with the same completeness; but the following four or five are the most serious:—

182d. ἐνθυμηθέντι γὰρ ὅτι λέγεται κάλλιον τὸ φανερώς ἐρᾶν τοῦ λάθρα,

"It is evident, however, *for one in whom passion is enkindled*, it is more honourable to love openly than secretly. . . ." The interpretation of ἐνθυμηθέντι is wildly wrong. The meaning is: "To one who reflects that open love is considered more honourable than secret"

185c. Πανσανίου δὲ πανσαμένον, διδάσκουσι γάρ με ἴσα λέγειν οὕτως οἱ σοφοί, . . .

"Pausanias having ceased (for so the learned teach me *to denote the changes of the discourse*) . . ." Excusably ignorant of the point of this remark, Shelley has been reduced to a guess. Jowett's version makes the allusion clear: "Pausanias came to a pause—this is the balanced way in which I have been taught by the wise to speak."

200d. οὐκ οὖν τοῦτό γ' ἐστὶν ἐκείνον ἐρᾶν, δ' οὐκ ἔτοιμον αὐτῷ ἐστὶν οὐδὲ ἔχει, τὸ εἰς τὸν ἔπειτα χρόνον ταῦτα εἶναι αὐτῷ σώζιμενα τὰ νῦν πάροντα;

"Is not love, then, the love of that which is not within reach, and which cannot hold in security, for the future, those things of which it obtains a present and transitory possession." Shelley may have had an inferior reading and punctuation here, but the fact remains that he has extracted a very poor sense from his text. The translation is: "Is not his desire that these things which he now possesses should be preserved to him for the future equivalent to a desire for what he does not yet possess and hold."

223d. καὶ πρῶτον μὲν καταδαρθεῖν τὸν Ἀριστοφάνη, . . .

"Aristophanes first *awoke*." This looks like a mere slip for 'fell asleep.' Perhaps Shelley was hurrying to reach the end, for the next mistake, a line or two further on, is, for once, merely stupid. καὶ ἐλθόντα εἰς Λύκειον, ἀπονιδάμενον, ὥσπερ ἄλλοτε τὴν ἄλλην ἡμέραν διατρέβειν, "Coming to the Lyceum, he washed himself, *as he would have done anywhere else*." The sense is, of course, "Going to the Lyceum, he took a bath, and spent the rest of the day as usual."

It is related of Benjamin Jowett that when some minor mistake in his famous translation of Plato was brought to his notice, he would look up and say: "It is not that I do not *know* these elementary things; but the effort of making the English harmonious is so great, that one's mind is insensibly drawn away from the details of the Greek."

It would be vain to seek to excuse Shelley on the same plea from ignorance of some elementary things; but at the same time it is easy to exaggerate the importance of his blunders. In some of the passages quoted above, the version given by the great Master of Balliol is not impeccable; and if we may suppose that Shelley had less difficulty in making the English harmonious, he certainly had greater success. The defect of Jowett's *Plato* lies, not in his scholarship, but in the fact that his prose never soars; it has no wings. For Shelley "Plato exhibits the rare union of close and subtle logic with the Pythian enthusiasm of poetry, melted by the splendour and harmony of his periods into one irresistible stream of musical impressions, which hurry the persuasions onwards, as in a breathless career. His language is that of an immortal spirit, rather than a man."

It is to do no discredit to Jowett's achievement to say that as he was incapable of penning such an appreciation of Plato, so also was he unable to imitate the quality it celebrates. Nor is it only in the more exalted passages, such as the simile of the magnet in the *Ion*, or the speeches of Agathon or Socrates in the *Symposium*, that the superiority of Shelley manifests itself; in lighter moments also he bears off the palm. Jowett, for instance, somehow imparts to his Alcibiades the atmosphere, together with the locutions, of an English undergraduate, while Shelley's Alcibiades carries about him, with something of a Byronic air and with an incommunicable verve and charm and freshness, the atmosphere of an accomplished man of the world, a spoilt darling of the gods.

Trivial phrases show the gulf between the two versions. Jowett's opens: "Concerning the things about which you ask to be informed, I believe that I am not ill-prepared with an answer." Shelley's runs: "I think that the subject of your enquiries is still fresh in my memory." And, to take another instance, how simple and fresh appear the words, "But there is a certain grace in a lover who does all these things, so that he

alone may do them without dishonour," beside the cumbersome, worn phraseology of Jowett's, "The actions of a lover have a grace which ennobles them; and custom has decided that they are highly commendable."

.

In addition to the errors of translation, the text of the *Symposium* has also suffered in another way. The present writer was able to point out (in *The Modern Language Review*, July, 1918) half-a-dozen blunders, the responsibility for which must not rest upon the translator, but upon his editors. This type of blunder may be illustrated by a further example, to be found in Excerpt IV from *The Republic*, which reads: "And first, we must improve upon the composers of fabulous histories in verse, to compose them according to the rules of moral beauty." It might occur to the most casual reader that "improve" is here a mistake for "impose," a supposition which a reference to the Greek (Rep. 377c) at once confirms. It would be desirable that any editor of these translations should make a detailed comparison of them with the original; but, in default of that, it is inexcusable to accept, as Shelley's, feeble or even nonsensical expressions, which loudly proclaim themselves to be mere errors of transcription, and admit of easy and certain correction.

Regarded as a whole, the translations from Plato reveal a surprising competence in the interpretation of their difficult idiom. It should be remembered that when they were executed the study of Plato in Greek was a comparatively recent one with Shelley. We have it on the authority of Hogg that Shelley had read no Plato in the original when he left Oxford, and Mrs. Shelley's notes on the reading of 1814, '15, and '16 include no mention of Plato among the many Greek authors read.

In the list for 1817, however, the *Symposium* is included, and it would appear to have been the first of the dialogues which he read in Greek. The date 1817 for the reading of this dialogue is confirmed by a reference to it in a letter to Godwin in December of that year, and by the composition in the same month of *Prince Athanase*, the title of the first draft of which was *Pandemos and Urania*. This poem, indeed, is the first evidence of the profound impression which the dialogue made upon him.

Mrs. Shelley tells us that "it was not till Shelley re-

sided in Italy that he made Plato his study," and with the exception of the reading of the *Symposium* this statement seems to be accurate. Shelley left England in March, 1818, and the translation of the *Symposium* was made in the following July. How much reading of Plato he had crowded into those few months it is not easy to decide. He tells us in his Preface that he selected the *Banquet* for translation as being "the most beautiful and perfect among all the works of Plato." We can hardly assume from this that he had read him through. The versions of the *Ion* and the *Menexenus* seem to date from the same period, however; a footnote of Shelley's to his Preface to the *Banquet* makes it clear that he had read the *Republic*; the score of excerpts which he translated from that work, being taken from Books II and III and set forth in the order in which they occur in Plato, suggest that he had begun an anthology of the passages that most impressed him; there is a characteristically earnest and independent note upon a passage of the *Crito*; and in a letter of the following August we have proof of his familiarity with the *Phaedrus*.

The reading of Plato seems, indeed, to have been the main intellectual interest of the poet in the incubation period between the completion of the *Revolt of Islam* and the commencement of the *Prometheus*;¹ and the translations are the fruit of those few months of study. A consideration of these facts should mitigate our judgment of his errors as much as it enhances our opinion of his superb energy and competence in intellectual pursuits.

No other creation of human genius left so deep an impression on Shelley as the *Symposium* of Plato. Apart from his translation of the dialogue, his allusions to it in his original work are unparalleled in number and importance. A fragment preserved in Garnett's *Relics* under date of 1817 makes reference to the "wonderful description of Love in the *Symposium*," and forecasts the composition of a poem on the subject of Agathon. This,

¹ Cf. Preface to *Prometheus*: "Should I live to accomplish what I purpose, that is, produce a systematical history of what appear to me to be the genuine elements of human society, let not the advocates of injustice and superstition flatter themselves that I should take Aeschylus rather than Plato as my model."

beyond doubt, was the poem which ultimately bore the title of *Prince Athanase*, and in which occur the lines :—

Then Plato's words of light in thee and me
 Lingered like moonlight in the moonless east,
 For we had just then read—thy memory
 Is faithful now—the story of the feast ;
 And Agathon and Diotima seemed
 From death and dark forgetfulness released.

The same subject was afterwards resumed in a prose narrative, also unfinished, *The Coliseum*. James Thomson long ago pointed out the connection of the speech of Agathon with the song of the Sixth Spirit of the Mind in the first act of *Prometheus Unbound* :—

Ah, sister ! Desolation is a delicate thing :
 It walks not on the earth, it floats not on the air,
 But treads with lulling footstep, and fans with silent wing
 The tender hopes which in their hearts the best and gentlest
 bear ;
 Who, soothed to false repose by the fanning plumes above,
 And the music-stirring motion of its soft and busy feet,
 Dream visions of aerial joy, and call the monster, Love,
 And wake, and find the shadow Pain, as he whom now
 we greet.

The passage from Agathon's speech is thus given by Shelley :
 " There were need of some poet like Homer to celebrate the delicacy and tenderness of Love. For Homer says that the goddess Calamity is delicate, and that her feet are tender. Her feet are soft, he says, for she treads not on the ground, but makes her path upon the heads of men. He gives as an evidence of her tenderness, that she walks not upon that which is hard, but upon that which is soft. The same evidence is sufficient to make manifest the tenderness of Love. For Love walks not upon the earth, nor over the heads of men, which are indeed not very soft ; but he dwells within, and treads upon the softest of existing things, having established his habitation within the souls and inmost nature of Gods and men : not indeed in all souls—for where he chances to find a hard and rugged disposition, there he will not inhabit, but only where it is most soft and tender.

Of needs must he be the most delicate of things, who touches lightly with his feet only the softest parts of those things which are the softest of all."

In the *Sensitive Plant* there are two verses, difficult of interpretation, which are a very direct application of Plato's doctrine :—

But the Sensitive Plant which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all ; it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver.

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower ;
Radiance and odour are not its dower ;
It loves even like Love—its deep heart is full ;
It desires what it has not, the beautiful.

The relevant passage in the dialogue is thus rendered by Shelley : " It is conceded, then, that Love loves that which it wants but possesses not ? " " Yes, certainly. " " But Love wants and does not possess beauty ? " " Indeed it must necessarily follow. " " What, then, call you that beautiful which has need of beauty and possesses it not ? " " Assuredly no. " " Do you still assert, then, that Love is beautiful, if all that we have said be true ? " " Indeed, Socrates," said Agathon, " I am in danger of being convicted of ignorance with respect to all that I then spoke. "

Most interesting, perhaps, of all the allusions is this from a cancelled fragment of " *Epipsychidion* " :—

If any should be anxious to discover
Whether to you I am friend or lover,
Let them read Shakespeare's sonnets, taking thence
A whetstone for their dull intelligence.
That tears and will not cut ; or let them guess
How Diotima, the wise prophetess,
Instructed the instructor, and why he
Rebuked the infant spirit of melody
On Agathon's sweet lips, which, as he spoke,
Was as the lovely star when morn has broke
The roof of darkness, in the golden dawn
Half-hidden and yet beautiful.

Stanza XXIV of the *Adonais* repeats the allusion of the *Prometheus* passage; while, finally, in his review of Peacock's *Rhododaphne*, he harks back to the idea elaborated in the *Sensitive Plant*.

.

In a letter to Leigh Hunt from Florence in November, 1819, Shelley refers to his translation of the *Cyclops*. "With respect to translation, even I will not be seduced; although the Greek plays and some of the ideal dramas of Calderon (with which I have lately, and with inexpressible wonder and delight, become acquainted) are perpetually tempting me to throw over their perfect and glowing forms the grey veil of my own words. . . . I have only translated the *Cyclops* of Euripides, when I could absolutely do nothing else."

The translation first appeared in the *Posthumous Poems* in 1824, where Mrs. Shelley remarks that it did not receive the author's ultimate corrections. There is one MS. extant, that which Mr. C. D. Locock examined along with the other Bodleian MSS. in 1903. He says of it: "Though legible throughout and comparatively free from corrections, it has the appearance of being a first draft." He also found that "the variations from the text of the *Posthumous Poems* are very numerous, and in some cases passages which Shelley completely misunderstood are correctly translated in the printed version." The *Cyclops* was also the chief concern of Swinburne in his famous *Notes on the Text of Shelley's Poems*, contributed to the *Fortnightly* in May, 1869. In that article Swinburne supplied the few omissions in Shelley's version, and appraised for all time the superlative qualities of Shelley's work.

To the humbler, but no less reverent, task of cataloguing the main errors we now turn, accepting as Shelley's the readings of the Bodleian MS. as published by Mr. Locock, for there is no reason whatever to assume that any more finished version was ever made by the translator.

L. 14 *πρόμνη*, "prow." This is a small point, but it is curious that in the only other place where he translates the same word (*Hymn to Castor and Pollux*, L. 12) he makes the same mistake.

Ll. 51-5. ὦή, ῥίγω πέτρον τάχα σου
 — ὕπαγ' ὦ ὕπαγ' ὦ κεράστα —
 μηλοβότα στασιωρόν
 Κυκλωπος ἀγροβάτα.

Oh, you come! a stone at you
 Will I throw to mend your breeding;
 Get along, you hornèd thing,
 Wild, *seditions*, rambling!

Here the reading is uncertain, but the lines give us an amusing glimpse at Shelley's method of dealing with a corrupt text. The epithet "seditions" strikes the reader as a curious one for Euripides to apply to a ram; and a reference to the Greek leaves little doubt that Shelley has caught from the word στασιωρόν, keeper-of-the-fold, the suggestion of στάσις, sedition. A similar recourse to a sort of popular etymology occasionally helps him also with the interpretation of Homeric compounds, as in Stanza XCII of the *Hymn to Mercury* :—

But be it mine to tell their various lot
 To the *unnumbered* tribes of human-kind,

where the word "unnumbered" is his equivalent for ἀμεγάρτων, "unenviable." Shelley seems to have derived it from ἀ + μέγα + ἄρτιον, the last member of the compound helping to suggest, from its arithmetical associations, the meaning "you could not estimate how big."

LL. 234-6. Here a similar determination to make sense at all costs has given us an Aristophanic heightening of the threatened vengeance on the Cyclops :—

δήσαντες δὲ σὲ
 κλωῶ τριπῆχει, κἄτα τὸν ὀφθαλμὸν μέσον
 τὰ σπλάγχν' ἐφασκὼν ἐξαμήσεσθαι βίᾳ,

. . . . (they) said, moreover,
 They'd pin you down with a three-cubit collar,
 And pull your vitals out through your one eye,

a fate from which the lacuna now marked in the text between Ll. 235-6 saves the hapless victim.

Ll. 488-91 σίγα σίγα. καὶ δὴ μεθύων
 ἄχαριν κέλαδον μουσιζόμενος
 σκαιὸς ἀπωδὸς καὶ κλανσόμενος
 χωρεῖ πετρίων ἔξω μελάθρων.

Listen ! listen ! he is coming,
 A most hideous discord humming,
 Drunken, museless, awkward, yelling,
 Far along his rocky dwelling.

A magical version, which, however, ignores the tense of κλανσόμενος and the meaning of ἔξω.

L. 564. *χῶσπερ οὐκ ἐμέ.* Mr. Locock rescued from the Bodleian MS. the rendering "so you will not vomit." This ought to be restored to our texts, which at present show a gap in this place. The duties of an editor have altered in the hundred years that have elapsed since Mrs. Shelley edited the *Posthumous Poems*. What is wanted now, at all costs, is not a translation of the *Cyclops*, but Shelley's. And this blunder is hardly worse, and more amusing, than most.

L. 643-5 *οὕτῃ τὸ νῶτον τὴν ῥάχιν τ' οἰκτέρομεν
 καὶ τοὺς ὀδόντας ἐκβαλεῖν οὐ βούλομαι
 τυπτόμενος, αὐτὴ γίγνεται πονηρία ;*

With pitying my own back and my back-bone,
 And with not wishing all my teeth knocked out,
This cowardice comes of itself.

Shelley may, of course, have had a text with the wrong breathing, accent, and punctuation here ; but it seems more likely that he confused αὐτὴ with αὐτή simply because the phenomenon of the attraction of the demonstrative to the gender of its complement was unfamiliar to him.

L. 706. *ἄνω δ' ἐπ' ὄχθον εἶμι,* "I will descend upon the shore."

These are all the serious blunders in the *Cyclops*. If we may accept it, then, as a supreme example of the translator's art, not only for its "strength, ease, delicate simplicity and sufficiency," which Swinburne claims as "the birthmark and native quality of all Shelley's translations," but also for its substantial accuracy, still less need we hesitate in our acceptance of the

Homeric Hymns as masterpieces of their kind. These, with the exception of that to *Venus*, which is the merest fragment, are, if not of unimpeachable accuracy from the scholar's point of view, yet, regarded as verse translations, utterly beyond the reach of cavil.

The date of the *Hymn to Mercury* is fixed by a letter to Peacock from Leghorn of July 12th, 1820, in which Shelley says, "I am translating in ottava rima the *Hymn to Mercury* of Homer. Of course my stanza precludes a literal translation. My next effort will be that it should be legible—a quality much to be desired in translations."

In spite of Shelley's modest disclaimer of the ability to be literal, the translation is so close that it is possible to go through the whole of it and mark with exactness the lines of the Greek which are included in each stanza of the English, and to detect at once the few occasions on which he has inserted a phrase to fill out his stanza or help his rhyme, or on which he has inadvertently omitted a line or a part of a line of the Greek. The lines which are omitted in part or entirely are 89, 181, 388, 556-7. The closeness also makes it possible to put his accuracy to a severe scrutiny; but the errors revealed are of little or no importance. In stanza XXIII the line.

"As if they all had vanished through the sky," seems to be the result of a misunderstanding of the word *μετήορα*, which refers to some portions of the slaughtered oxen stowed *higher up* in the cave. In stanza XXXV, line 8

"And with his face opposed the steps he trod," is confused.

The meaning is that Hermes keeps the heads of the cattle facing him, so that they walk backwards. And lastly, in Stanza LXIV :—

This driving of the herds is none of mine;
Across the threshold did I wander ne'er,

Shelley has missed the small point that Hermes, though lying, is careful to use words literally true. He did not drive the cows *home*, he says, but to a cave; nor did he *step* across the threshold, but passed through the keyhole. These and a few other petty faults are all that mar the accuracy of the piece.

This superior accuracy of the *Mercury* is not difficult to account for. Without doubt he had an excellent text, for his

version shows unmistakably that he was familiar with the emendations of Pierson, 1752, Ilgen, 1796, and Hermann, 1806. But before all we must remember his long familiarity with the idiom of Homer.

Hogg tells us in a familiar passage : " Shelley's delight was to read Homer, and it grew and strengthened with the years. He had a copy of the Grenville Homer, bound in russia, in two volumes, the *Iliad* in one and the *Odyssey* in the other ; one of these volumes was continually in his hand. It would be a curious problem to calculate how many times he read the whole through. He devoured in silence, with greedy eyes, the good and legible characters often by the firelight, seated on a rug, on a cushion, or on a footstool, straining his sight, and striking a flame from the coals with the shovel, or whichever of the fire-irons he could first seize upon, remaining in front of the fire until the cheek next to it had assumed the appearance of a roasted apple."

Of this easy familiarity with Homèr the translation is convincing proof. It misses here and there a nice point of scholarship, nor need we deny the truth of Dr. Mahaffy's remark in his *Greek Literature* that it exaggerates the comic spirit (this translation is the gayest of all Shelley's works) ; yet it is a supreme piece of interpretation, showing in stanza after stanza the clearest understanding of the sense and the most sensitive appreciation of the mood of its original. The ordinary reader may enjoy it as an English poem and, for all that it is a translation, a very Shelleyan poem. But it is the irony of translations that they yield their chief charm only to those who have no need of them. *Quid enim suavius est*, says Macrobius, *quam duos præcipuos vates audire idem loquentes* ? And it is only he who has the Greek before him, comparing the version with its original, line for line, who can fully savour the completeness and simplicity of the renderings. We are thrown back upon a remark made by Shelley himself, which Medwin has preserved for us : " There is no greater mistake than to suppose that the knowledge of a language is all that is required in a translator. He must be a poet, and as great a one as his original, in order to do justice to him."

Barnabe Rich and His Irish Critics

BY SEAN GHALL.

The appearance of the "New Description of Ireland" raised an outcry against Barnabe Rich. The citizens of Dublin declared it to be "a reproach and a slander to the whole realm of Ireland." Acting on the advice of several friends, Aldermen and others, he published a characteristic reply, not the full recantation demanded.

TRVE and A

KINDE EXCVSE

Written in Defence of that Booke, intituled

A Newe Description of Irelande

Wherein is freely confessed

The cause of the writing of that Booke

How that Booke was brought into obloquay and slander.

A Revocation of all oversightes, that through ignorance were published in that Booke.

A Bulwarke or Defence of all trutthes containd in that Booke.

Pleasant and pleasing both to English and Irish.

By Barnabe Rych, Gent.

Servant to the Kinges most excellent Maiestie.

The rebukes of a Friend are better than the kisses of an Enemie.

Malūi me diūitem esse quam vocari.

London, Printed for Thomas Adams, 1612.

The Dedication is "To the Whole Nation of the Irish, Barnabe Rich Souldier sendeth all kinde and friendly salutations."

"Dear friendes and Countrymen (for so I may speak in generall without offence to any mans greatness or exception taken at my unworthiness) I confesse myself to be the very greatest bungler at the same flattery that ere put pen to paper." Soon he is lost in a very sea of surging words of little definite meaning.

The main argument continues to be that the Pope is the fountain of all evil. With patience it is possible to discover wherein he maligned the nation, wherein his constitutional outlook made darkness out of brightness. His critics countered his charges that the buildings of Dublin were not splendid, "some of them say I have wonderfully wronged the City in speaking of the number of their Ale-houses." It is no wonder that his absurd statement "that every woman was a brewer" was roundly "a lie." In the presence and hearing of the Lord Deputy himself "they avow the book to be no better than a libell, that was intended for the glory of God, for the service of His Maiestie." There were several indelicate passages in the "New Description" that neither modesty nor religious zeal could condone. At a feast in an Alderman's house Rich was challenged by a woman who "began to pick quarrels with me and my book."

"How the book was brought into obloquy and slander and being thus carried from hand to hand I was brought into a general obloquy throughout the whole city of Dublin, but especially amongst the citizens wives, amongst which there be a number of grave, wise, and sober women, that I have ever esteemed and held in reverent regard."

"How my book became to be so contemptible to the Irish : it was the papist indeed that pickt so many quarrels against it : and although they would not openly manifest the matter, but took other occasions whereat to be angry, yet that was the hidden grief, that stirred up their Choler, they cannot endure to hear their holy father so truly translated, from the Vicar of Christ, to be indeed, the Vicar of the Devil."

"The whole drift of my book is against Popery. It was generally enforced against me how I have mocked at their Irish customes, scoffed at their holy wells, derided their Irish Saints, and in sober sadness took it very grievously that I had termed their Iuistes and their priests to be the Pope's vermin."

Rich objected to his censors citing his strictures against the Irish nation. He repeated all his magnanimous words as evidence of his true opinion. Thus was he "slandered and belied."

"Among the rest of those untruths that were objected against me . . . there is neither civility nor humanity to be found among the Irish.

"If I should say that in some parts of England itself there be many people that are both rude, ignorant, and clownish as it is well known there are so (indeed) could this be a disparagement to the whole nation?"

"That I taxed the Irish in generall to be more savage and cruel than the Canibels. I have no such conceit against the Irish."

"I doe knowe neuer a man in Ireland that I doe hate, nor do I wish any harme unto, and therefore if I happen to glance at the abuses of those that be ill, let not those that be good think themselves thereby to be detected, or so much as touched."

"I hope no man will accuse me of partiality, to say I have forborne to speak against the follies of the English, then against the manners and customes of the Irish, or that I do otherwise distinguish between them, but value both alike, the good to the good and the bad to the bad."

"Let me now crave the pardon of the Citizens of Dublin in general but to lament that calamity pitiful to be spoken of, that in the City of Dublin where the word of God hath been plentifully preached in such continuance and that should give light and example to all the rest, both of cities and towns throughout Ireland: and not able to make a yearly choice of a Mayor and two sheriffs that will either go to the (Protestant) Church, or willingly to take the oath of allegiance to His Maiesty and that they have no other to imploy for His Maiesty's service, but such as impugn his Maiesty's laws."

Rich gives an unique account of popular reading in Dublin, mayhap in other Irish towns too. These valuable details have eluded hitherto the eye of our historians. His angry torrent of wearisome invective has evidently overwhelmed them. The books read by the ordinary folk of mediaeval Europe were common in the city. "The Gesta Romanorum," from which Shakespeare borrowed freely, were well-known on the Continent, from the thirteenth century onward, in a Latin dress. These entertaining moral tales were born in the Orient. The first English edition was issued by Wynkyn de Worde, 1510. "Sandabar," commonly named "The Seven Wise Masters," or "Men," came from the Hebrew. From the Latin it was turned into almost every European tongue. This book enjoyed immense popularity. The collection of Italian romances of chivalry,

"Beuves d'Antone," named in its English dress, "Bevis of Hampton" (Southampton) had a widespread circulation. No garnering of tales, within a single volume, shed so much light on the manners and customs, the ways of thought and action, of Europe of the Middle Ages, as "The Golden Legend" of the Saints. Now we shall hearken to Rich again. Regarding his publication. *The Survey of Ireland*, "it concerned nothing but a discovery of the Pope," it became so offensive, not so much to the lettered sorts of papists (I meane, to those that doe professe knowledg and learning) as to those ignorant and unlearned, that I am sure do not understand the grounds of their own religion, nor do scarcely understand what themselves do read: but are better practised in the *Gesta Romanorum*, in the *Seven Wise Masters*, in *Bevis of Hampton*, and in the lying *Legend*, than they be in Bible or the Testament."

His apology, in fine, makes it clear that Rich found but little difference in morals and civilization between Dublin and London. In three respects, however, he sternly refused to retract what he had written: no honest man, who possessed the authentic Light could deny that all sin was conceived in Rome, that disloyalty to England connoted barbarism, and that the Dublin bakers were shameless profiteers, arrant knaves.

Collectors should note that the "New Description" was reprinted, without the dedication, seven years after Rich's death, 1624, as

"A new Irish Prognostication, or Papish Calendar, wherein is described the Disposition of the Irish, with the manner of their Behaviour, and how they for the most part are addicted to Poperie. With the superstitious supposall of St. Patrick's purging of Ireland of all venemous things. With a calculation of all the Popish Trinkets brought from the Pope by Doctors Sander and Allen, two famous Jesuites."

The year 1612 accounts for three of Rich's existing works. "The Remembrances by Captain Barnaby Rich, Concerning The State of Ireland, 14 August, 1612," remained in manuscript until 1906, when it was published by C. Litton Falkiner in the Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy. These Remembrances were addressed to Sir Julius Caesar then Chancellor and Under-Treasurer of the Exchequer in England. So unlike Rich's other works of Irish interest it is neither rare nor expensive, hence we shall not tarry long with it. Here Rich proves himself a severe

critic of the pillars of English Government in Ireland. It unfolds a tale that is heard nowhere else. The combination between the English and Irish by fosterage and marriage "is the main point that Ireland will still remain as it hath done, not only repugnant to His Maiesties lawes but also a charge to His Maiesties purse." The wholesale traffic in pardons and protections by the highest officials was not merely corrupt but "hurtfull to the service of the Prince." "It is no great wondre though a thief, a murtherer, or a traitor, should helpe themselves by compassynge of a pardon, but that a Lord Chancellor, a Justice, an Attorney, a Solicitor, a King's Surveyor General, or any such other officer that is in especial trust for His Maiesties service, and that any of thes should seeke to purchase pardons for fraud, for decept, for brybery, for forgery, and for such other misdemaunces towards the Prynce as some of them have done (and whereof I have some copyes to shewe) it seemeth strange." Rich shows how quickly the English potentates accreted to themselves great wealth. Thus Sir Robert Newcomen, General Purveyor and Issuer of Victuals, "cam into Irelande a poore servynge man (neyther of reputation nor any great accounte) yet atteyning to be vytualer to the Army, he sodanely began to buyld, to purchase, and so to florysh, that every man could say it could not be but by abusynge the Queene." There is an entertaining indictment of Sir Robert Jacob, Solicitor General, and his gay spouse. Rich declares that Jacob married a sailor's widow of Southampton called by the name of Mall Target, as "famous of reporte in the towne of Southampton as Mall Neubery in the cytty of London: thys Jacobe comynge into Irelande in a poore and needy estat, and lykwyse in debt to diverse cytyzens of London found meanes (by the helpe of friendes) to become hys Maiesties Solycyter." Shortly after (for his wife's sake that before she came into Ireland had bidden defiance to modesty) he got to be made knight when he had never a foot of land, never a house, nor so much as a bed of his own to lie upon. And although it be conceived by many that it is not Sir Robert Jacob's purse that hath sythence borne out his wife's excessive bravery, her pomp, her pride, her prodigality, her roystering, her ramping, her revelry, her feasting, her gaming, and other idle and inordinate expending, yet it is again credibly believed that His Maiesties revenue doth something fare the

worse for it, and that now in this late busy time of this passing of lands by the Commission for Defective Titles, that Sir Robert Jacob's hand hath passed to many books that were but little to his Maiesties advantage." Sir Roger Wilbraham, Jacob's predecessor, had not so many perquisites of his office for a whole year, "as Syr Robert Jacob's lusty wyf wyll play at a payre of cardes in a peece of a nyght." Parsons, Fenton, Henshaw, Blayney, are pilloried for their "robberies." Such a notorious character as Robert Boyle, the "Great Cheat," cynically known, in later years, as the Great Earl of Cork, could not fail to be arraigned. Other than his old complaints against the multitude and arrogance of the Catholics, openly following their religious practices, Rich has nothing fresh to say. He concludes by calling for the prohibition of Irish corn "into Spain and other countries" and of timber into Spain.

His "Anatomy of Ireland," still unpublished, deals at greater length, in ampler detail, with the same alleged official rascalities. The final volume published in 1612 was

A Catholicke Conference Between Sir Tady Mac Mareall a popish priest of Waterforde, and Patrick Plaine a young student in Trinity College by Dublin in Ireland.

Wherein is delivered the certayne manner of execution that was used upon a popish Bishop, and a popish Priest, that for several matters of Treason were executed at Dublin the first of February, now last past 1611.

Strange to be related, creditable to be believed, and pleasant to be perused.

By Barnabe Rych, Gent.

Servant to the Kinges most excellent Maiestie.

Malui me diuitem esse quam vocari.

London, Printed for Thomas Adams 1612.

It is dedicated "To the Honourable and Worthy The Lady Cicilia Rydgway, wife to the Hon. Sgt. Thomas Rydgway, Knt., Baronet, Treasurer at Warres in Irelande and one of his Majestie's priue Councill in that realm."

"A Catholicke Conference" has a higher interest than its arid polemics. Herein Rich is more moderate and more just to his stock bugbear, the Catholics. The severities of the laws against them were too mild for his taste. In Spain he would be in his element as Grand Inquisitor. The dress of the ordinary

professional man, other than that of the merchant, was, in all essentials, similar to that worn by the same class in London. The disguised priest has the same "ruffling sute of apparel," the same "gylt Rapier and Dagger" hanging by his side. "Methinks it is more gentleman-like than priest-like." "Alas, Patrick, necessity knows no law, it is not my cause alone that is driven to this distress, there are hundreds in Ireland besides myself, that are glad to disguise themselves from the rigour of those laws that have been lately contrived and pronounced against us." But the vitality of the book is due to the account of the execution of Conor O'Devaney, Bishop of Down and Conor, a vivid delineation of the feelings of the Dublin masses of that age. This erudite and saintly Bishop had been arrested on his return from Rome but succeeded in escaping from Dublin Castle. He was recaptured. Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam, 26 October 1588, lamented to Lord Burleigh that the law did not permit him to execute this "most pestilent and dangerous member and fit to be cut off," "an obstinate enemy to God," his only crime being the exercise of his religious functions. The prisoners who were lucky enough to be at the gratings of Dublin Castle, at the present Ship Street side, were fed by the compassionate populace; starvation was the portion of many others. O'Devaney petitioned for enlargement "as he was ready to starve for want of food." On taking the oath of allegiance to the Queen he was released, 16 Nov. 1590. Rich bitterly assailed Archbishop Loftus for his alleged want of zeal for true religion, by being a party to the Bishop's liberation. Twenty-one years later, June, 1611, he was incarcerated again, whereat Rich rejoiced. He was tried by a jury of 11 Scots and an Irishman. O'Devaney protested against the panel and demanded trial by an ecclesiastical tribunal, whereat Chief Justice Sarsfield reminded him that Christ received sentence from Pilate! The Bishop denied vigorously the charge of treason, but was found guilty, the Irish juror dissenting. With O'Devaney, Gilla-Patrick O'Loughrane, a distinguished priest, perished, 11 Feb. 1611. The place of execution was, probably, the site where the George's Hill Presentation Convent now stands.

Rich's narrative is not without unconscious humour. Here it is:

On the 28th January, the Bishop and Priest, being arraigned at the King's Bench, were each condemned for treason, and

adjudged to be executed on the following morning ; which day being come, a priest or two of the Pope's brood, with holy water and other holy stuffs, were sent to sanctify the gallows whereon they were to die. About two o'clock p.m. the traitors were delivered to the sheriffs of Dublin, who placed them in a small car, which was followed by a great multitude. As the car progressed, the spectators knelt down ; but the Bishop, sitting still like a block, would not vouchsafe them a word, or turn his head aside. The multitude, however, following the car, made such a dole and lamentation after him as the heavens themselves resounded their outcries. Being come to the gallows, whither they were followed by troops of the citizens, men and women of all classes, most of the best being present, the latter kept up such a shrieking, such a howling, and such a halooing, as if St. Patrick himself had been going to the gallows, could not have been greater signs of grief ; but when they saw him turned off from the gallows, they raised the *whobub* with such a maine cry as if the rebels had come to rifle the city. Being ready to mount the ladder, when he was pressed by some of the bystanders to speak, he repeated frequently *sine me quaeso* (Do not disturb me, I beseech you). The executioner had no sooner taken off the Bishop's head but the townsmen of Dublin began to flock about him, some taking up the head with pitying aspect, accompanied with sobs and sighs ; some kissed it with so religious an appetite as ever they kissed the Pax ; some cut away all the hair from the head, which they preserved for a relic ; some others were practisers to steal the head away, but the executioners gave notice to the sheriffs. Now, when he began to quarter the body, the women thronged about him, and happy was she that could get but her handkerchief dipped in the blood of the traitor ; and, the body being once dissevered into four quarters, they neither left finger nor toe, but cut them off and carried them away ; and some others who could get no holy monuments that appertained to his person, with their knives they shaved off chips from the hallowed gallows ; neither could they omit the halter with which he was hanged, but it was rescued for holy uses. The same night after the execution a great crowd flocked round the gallows, and there spent the forepart of the night in heathenish howling and performing many Popish ceremonies. And, after midnight, being then Candlemas Day in the morning,

having their priests there in readiness, they had Mass after Mass, daylight being come, they departed to their own houses. The Bishop was invested by the Pope for those Balaamite be fit instruments to spread the Pope's doctrine, especially in Ireland, where the poor people are so infested with this locust vermin of priests and friars that they would sooner believe an ass that comes from Rome with a Pope's Bull than an angel from heaven that should be sent with God's Word."

The Lord Deputy Chichester reported "how a titular Bishop and a Priest being lately executed for treason, are notwithstanding thought Martyrs by them and adored (*sic*) for Saints." The *Four Masters* wrote: "There was not a Christian in the land of Ireland whose heart did not shudder within him at the horror of the martyrdom which this chaste, wise, divine, and the perfect and truly meek, righteous man suffered for the reward of his soul. The Christians who were then in Dublin contended with each other to see which of them should have one of his limbs; and not only his limbs, but they had fine linen in readiness to prevent his blood falling to the ground; for they were convinced that he was one of the holy martyrs of the Lord."

Rich claimed to have written 36 books of which number 25 have been published and one, "The Anatomy of Ireland" is in the Lansdowne M.S. British Museum. Between 1612 and 1617 five known works were issued of which "The Honestie of this Age," wherein he lashes the vices of London, and "The Irish Hubbub" are the most important and the most interesting. The latter is one of the best of his productions. Although reprinted several times no copy of it exists in any public library in Dublin.

The Irish Hubbub, or the English Hue and Crie

Briefly pursuing the base conditions and notorious offences of this vile, vain, and wicked age.

No less smarting than tickling. A merriment whereby to make the wise to laugh, and fools to be angry.

By Barnaby Rich Gentleman and servant to the Kings most excellent Majestie.

Mounted aloft upon the world's great stage,

I stand to note the follies of the Age.

Malui me diuitem esse, quam vocari

London, Printed for John Marriot, and are to be sold at his shop at the little doore in St. Dunstanes Churchyard in Fleet Street 1617.

Rich, in "The Irish Hubbub" arms himself in advance against his assured "slanderers." Valiantly he resolved "by telling the truth to please the wiser sort."

"If I be offensive to any queasie stornach, it rather proceedeth from sone distempered humours in the party so offended than any fault of mine."

"We are grown so wise and sharp-witted in reading other men's writings; that those passages that are meant and set down in a general manner, they will draw to such particular construction as the author himself never so much as dreamt of."

"They can poison every mans labours with their looks, and of every line they make a libel, But thou that art not partial in judgment, nor doest not bear a guilty conscience, judge of these but as thou findest them true. And so farewell."

Barnabe Rich is seen to best advantage in extracts:

"That which in England we do call the Hue and Crie, in Ireland they do call the Hubbub. The intent of it was, at the first, that when any rebels or thieves came to do any robbery in the country, they should then raise the cry (which they call the Hubbub), thereby to give notice to the inhabitants round about, that they might combine and gather themselves together in a main strength, either to recover any prey that the thieves or rebels had taken, or at the least to make resistance in their own defence, and as much as in them lie, to save the country from any further spoil."

"Of these alarms and out-cries we have sometimes three or four, and that in Dublin itself among the base and rascal sort of people and as these Hubbubs are thus raised in cases of anger and discontent, so they used to give the Hubbubs again in matters of sport and merriment, sometimes when they see a thing they do admire or wonder at, but especially they use the word Hubbub when they are disposed to scoff or to mock as in times past they used to make great sport to see an Englishman riding on a mare. And there is not a people under the face of Heaven that will sooner deride and mock at anything that is not in use and custom among themselves, than the Irish will do."

"If a man beats his wife, if drunkards fall out in an ale-house they raise the Hubbub." From the text "It is our sins

that have raised the Hubbub " he denounces the follies of contemporary society in London and Dublin. He vents as vigorous a " Counterblast to Tobacco " as the " wisest fool in Christendom," James I., blew. " Tobacco kills many men and shortens many men's lives." " I think our Englishmen would run as fast into Hell if they did but hear a voice crying " A pipe of tobacco." The smoker was more " to be pitied in his infirmity than imitated for his dignity. Tobacco smoking is the most vain and idle fashion that was ever brought into use among men." The practice had spread to Dublin. " I think shortly will be conversant among tailors, tapsters and tinkers, as now they have brought tobacco." " They say tobacco is physical, it is medicinal, it is precious for all manner of diseases and they do attribute more virtue to their tobacco than Bellarmine doth to his Pope." In both cities " tables (backgammon), cards, sack " were the ruin of men's souls. All ran mad over " tobacco, the pipe, and the pot." Sometimes you are left without doubt as to the people whom he is lashing. The shamelessness of the London women, with their painted faces, " how they do paint with Indian excrements and besmear themselves with Jewish spittle," is an irritatingly endless theme. It is possible that Dublin is included in his scarifying of the " young gallants fitter for a coach than for a camp " with their yellow starched bands, perfumed gloves, and their ruffs. Rich bewailed the fact that extravagance had reached such a pitch that it was impossible " to distinguish a Lady from a Laundress." He etches the harlot with " her silken gowns, her garded petticoats, her wrought smocks, her needle-wrought edgings, her powdered perriwigs, and her costly coats, to patronise the frantic humours of this maddening age."

From Juvenal (to go further backwards) to Stubbs run the same jeremiads against the wickedness of mankind, the same claims that antique fashions and vices were novelties. The Golden Age always lay behind. Virtue, Merit, Ability, had their meet guerdon only in that imaginary Past. Here are a few of Rich's assertions which are not localized :

" We buy titles of honour with gold our predecessors purchased with virtue. Honours and dignities were not given to the rich but to the honest."

" The bold-faced stage-player that trades in poysoning all sorts and ages with verses reeset in the smoke of lust and

blasphemous Scripture jests; these and the like stinke in the presence of God, and one day God will send them all to him whom in this life they served."

"Gentle-men were wont to bring up their Heires in the knowledge of arts and literature; it now sufficeth if hee can but write his own name in a Mercer's book, put his hand to an obligation, or to a bill of bargain and sale: this is learning enough for a gentleman in these dayes.

"What is become of our ancient bounty in housekeeping? Those whose ancestors lived in stately Palaces, like Princes in their country, bravely attended by a number of proper men, now come and live in the Cittie, where they are but inmates, rogues by statute: and my young master and his boy spend that which was wont to maintain many."

Finally Rich turns to our Capital City:

I protest I do not know a dishonest woman in England nor in Ireland of my own experience.

He that should have come to a lady in Ireland but some five or six years sithence and have asked her if she would have had a *Shaparowne* (a kind of hood or cap) she would have thought he had spoken bawdy, and would have wondered what he meant. They are now conversant to every Chamber maid, and she that came but lately out of a kitchen, if her husband doth bear an office (how mean soever) if she be not suited in her *Shaparowne*, in her loose hanging gown, in her petticoats of satin, yea, and of velvet, that must be garded with silver or gold lace, from the knee down to the foot, her husband may happen to hear of it, and, (peradventure), to fare the worse till she be provided."

"There is not a people under the face of Heaven that be of a more haughty and proud spirit than are the Irish: proud minds they have ever had, but for any pride in their apparel, they never knew it till they learned it from the English. It was a great dainty within these very few years, even amongst their greatest Nobility, to see a cloak lined through with velvet, they were not acquainted with a pair of silk stockings, they had no velvet saddles, nor the greatest number of them as much as a pair of boots to draw on them when they were to ride. For their ladies and gentlewomen, (even those that were of the most great and honourable houses), they little knew what belonged to this *frizling*, and this curling of hair; and for this lowsie com-

modity of perriwigs, they were not known to the ladies of Ireland ; they were not acquainted with those curling sticks, setting sticks, smoothing irons ; they knew not what to make of a *Picadilly* (a round hem, or the several divisions set together about the skirt of a garment or other thing ; also a kind of stiff collar, made in the fashion of a band), they neither used powdering nor painting stuff, they knew not what a coach meant, nor scarce a side saddle, till they learnt them from the English. The only pride of the Irish was hospitality and good house-keeping, in spending among their fellows, and giving entertainments. He that was a countryman, (even of the meanest sort) would have been ashamed to sell his corn, cattle, or any manner of victual, but to spend it in his house. Of all imputations they could not endure to be reputed for Churles, for they thought it a greater defamation to be called a Churl (the Irish name for an Englishman) than to be called a traitor. But it is our English bravery that hath eaten up our Irelands hospitality, for pride and hospitality could never yet dwell under one roof."

"It is pride that hath expelled charity, it hath converted our frugalities into misery, our plenty into penury, they have learnt of the English to break up house-keeping to rack their rents, to oppress their tenants and all to maintain pride."

"They have filled Ireland so full of new fashions by their strange alteration in their ruffs, in their cuffs, in their huffs, in their puffs in their muffs and in many other vanities that Ireland was never acquainted withal, till these women brought them up."

The "Irish Hubbub" affords further proof that Rich was unacquainted with the greater Ireland lying beyond the walls of Dublin and round Coleraine. The words "Hue and Crie" were used in most Irish towns of his day. Hoods of many fabrics and of varied colours were worn throughout the country. Satin and silk, even in ancient Eireann, were customary materials in articles of dress. Banners were often of silk. Velvet in Ireland was no novelty a quarter of a century before Rich's discovery. Frederick, Duke of Wirtemberg, who visited London in 1602, fifteen years ere Rich's narrative appeared, expressed surprise that "many a one does not hesitate to wear velvet in the streets, which is common with them, whilst at home perhaps they have not a piece of dry bread."

It would be absurd to look to the satirists for exactitude in matters of History. Yet as Rich has told us much that is valuable from his own observation it is necessary to state that matters outside his ken are frequently pure imagination. Municipal sumptuary laws and Government enactments against "gorgeous apparel" prove that Irish women, in Town and Class, dressed well, too well indeed, in the eyes of their censors. Even the young men, from Dublin to Galway, were given up to foppery. Thus, in 1574, it was enacted that no Dublin apprentice was to wear "garding" (decoration) on his coat, which was to be of "cloth decently made," "no silk to be put thereon," a "doublet of something, so it be not silk." "Ruffs of wrought silk," "silk hose" and the "hose bolstered out with wool, hair, or any other thing" were inhibited. In Galway (1585) the Town Council decreed "that no young man, apprentice or otherwise, shall wear any gorgeous apparel, ne silks, either within or without their garments, ne yet fine knit stockings either of silk or other costlie wise, wear no costlie long riffs (ruffs) thick and started, but be contented with single riffs, and that also they shall wear no pantwosles, but rather be contented with shoes." Edmund Spenser noted the Irish horseman's love of "costly cordwainery." So far as footwear went the Irish ran to extreme vanity in its use. Rich's remarks on saddles, likewise, are no more correct than "silk stockings" came into fashion "but a few years before" 1616!

We know but little of Barnabe Rich's personal history. On 16 July 1616, he was presented by the Government with £100, as a free gift, solely "in consideration of his being the oldest captain in the Kingdom." He died in Dublin on 10 November in the same year, at a ripe old age. Farewell, Barnabe, I have enjoyed your company, in spite of your copious language. You are the eternal NEXT DOOR NEIGHBOUR!

Two Lives

By VINCENT O'SULLIVAN.

Albert Houtin died in the middle of last year. His passing, like many of the actions of his life, did not take place on the open stage, but behind the scenes. It went practically unnoticed by the principal newspapers in Paris. Charles Maurras was the only journalist of importance to deal with Houtin at some length in the daily press. He fell on the ex-priest like a ton of bricks, saying that Houtin was a kind of man he hated, and that he did not know any books more detestable than Houtin's. It had always been the policy of the *Action Française* to stand for rigorous orthodoxy in religious matters. Before Houtin, Maurras had often expressed his intolerance of liberal ecclesiastics such as Duchesne and Brémond. Since the death of Houtin he has had personal experience of what the Roman discipline is when you come into collision with it. He has been condemned by the Pope, which Duchesne and Brémond never were. Instead of submitting, he has adopted an attitude which recalls that of Lamennais and the *Avenir* newspaper in the middle of the last century. While Montalembert and Lacordaire yielded, their associate editor revolted and drifted into schism. To-day we see Charles Maurras and the *Action Française* driven by circumstances to revolt against the Papal decree and fomenting what looks very like schism. Theology, like poverty, makes strange bedfellows. Perhaps Maurras would be more merciful to Houtin now.

At his death Houtin left all ready an autobiography which has lately been published.¹ After reading it one is inclined to impute his difficulties with his ecclesiastical superiors as much to his closely folded awkward character as to his theological, or, as he would prefer to say, his critical opinions. It is plain that he was not easy to get along with. He was one of those who will be neither driven nor led. But if he distrusted his guides, he raised the obstacles himself—the greatest part of them, at any rate.

It is not necessary to go into the details of a life in which there were no events which much affected outsiders. Houtin's parents were small shopkeepers in Anjou. They were Catholics who carefully followed the duties of their religion ; his mother was

¹ *Une Vie de Prêtre : Mon Expérience* (1867-1921). By Albert Houtin. (Paris : Rieder et Cie. 1927).

very pious. She seems to have been a remarkable woman, to judge by a letter which she wrote to her son when, after giving the Benedictine monastery at Solesmes a trial of some months, he characteristically decided to leave.

“ My dear Albert,

I answer your letter at once. Your father made a great sacrifice in letting you go into a monastery. As for me, as I told you with the sincerity I have always used with you—whether my ideas were good or bad, I have always, or at least for a long time, let you know them—well, for me it was no sacrifice. I always think : This world is so sad. Come home if you will. I know well that you have not lost the glory of God and the desire that His holy will be done.

Your Mother,

LEONTINE HOUTIN.”

He had gone to Solesmes after being educated by the diocese of Angers, first at the *petit séminaire* and then at the *Grand*. On his return he went back to the seminary, and in due course was ordained priest. Shortly after he was appointed assistant professor of history in the seminary. Before long the difficulty which he always found to live any length of time in community with other men without discord became manifest. He got leave to travel in Germany. It would seem that even then his superiors regarded him as an element of disorder, for they rather urged him to make a little tour. Shortly after his return he came in conflict with the bishop, whose days and nights he was to trouble for some time to come. Eventually, what with the tone of his teaching and other objections, matters became so complicated that he was obliged to resign, and he went to Paris. To come to his aid, as well as to sustain his character as a priest, the *curé* of St. Sulpice attached him to his church ; but here again there was a quarrel, which led to his resignation. The rest of his life was spent mostly in Paris. He went to England three or four times, and once to the United States to attend a Unitarian congress in Boston. He clung obstinately to his priesthood and priestly garb, although he had cut himself off from the Church by his refusal to obey his bishop, who had ordered him to suppress some of his publications and to return to his diocese. He never seems to have been in need of money, for he was constantly employed

by individuals and societies wishing to sap the Vatican policy, and Houtin had access to firsthand information. Towards the end of his life he was given a comfortable post as curator and librarian. Such are the outlines of a life which he describes on the first page of his autobiography as full of "strange adventures." He was always deceived about himself.

It is worth noting that Houtin's writings, about which he had so many sterile fights with his bishop, were not concerned with demolishing the Evangelists and St. Paul, or anything of that kind. Except for his *Short History of Christianity*, which he contributed a few years before his death to a series of books expressly organized to destroy Christian doctrine, he made no overt attack on the fundamentals of Christianity. His books were historical, and dealt almost altogether with questions of discipline in the Gallican Church; the relations of priests with their bishops; the relations of those bishops with Rome. Even his *Question Biblique* has as full title *La Question Biblique chez les Catholiques de France au XIX siècle*. He made full use of this restricted character of his writings in the very aggravating letters which he addressed from time to time to his bishop. Nobody who reads the correspondence can doubt that the bishop was long-suffering with Houtin.

For Houtin, while protesting that he simply maintained a tradition of liberalism which has always been found more or less prevalent among Gallican priests, was doing things which no bishop, whether Catholic, Anglican, Orthodox or Methodist-Episcopal could tolerate in one of his clergy. Apparently he was perfectly "moral," taking that word in the narrow sense in which it is used in England and America. But he kept company which was very compromising. He had become a sort of clearing-house or mobilizing officer for all the discontented priests in Christendom. While wearing his cassock and calling himself a priest he went to stay with Sabatier, the biographer of St. Francis and ex-Protestant and freethinker, who was directing an underhand attack on the Vatican. It is astonishing how Houtin could reconcile some of the acts he relates with the most rudimentary sense of honour. During the separation contest between the Church and State the French bishops held a congress of which it was absolutely essential that the proceedings should be secret. Some one inside the congress, who must have been a very demoniac,

since he wished to injure his own cause, kept Houtin supplied with details of the proceedings; and he turned them into articles for the *Temps* and the *Siècle*, which were bitterly assailing the bishops. That was certainly an immoral act, and in face of it his sexual morality is not of much consequence. Mgr. Baudrillart, the well-known rector of the *Institut Catholique*, was tactless enough to accuse Houtin on that point, and also with regard to his parents who, he said, Houtin made work for him. Houtin's style is generally glacial, but it thaws into emotion when he replies to these charges. He had no difficulty in destroying them. He is much less lucid when he undertakes to explain why he continued to wear his cassock till 1912 although his bishop had ceased all intercourse with him eight years earlier. "After all, my cassock did not cost a sou to the Church," he says rather lamely, and adds: "It could not cause a mistake in anybody. The dogmatic papers never lost a chance to treat me as a priest under interdict and an apostate, so their customers (*sic*) were warned. As for the liberal Catholics who paid any attention to such a matter, they knew that I had not retracted my books which had been condemned by Rome, and that I never would do so." The truth seems to be that Houtin wanted to foment rebellion within the Church, especially among the clergy. His books are of more interest to priests than to laymen, except such laymen as have made a special study of the Church in France. He chose deliberately as subjects the lives of certain French priests—Loyson, Hébert, Péraud, and others—who had been in conflict with ecclesiastical discipline. No doubt he felt that the carrying power of these books would be greater if their author bore the outward signs of being attached to the Church. In this he was not necessarily a deceiver; it is quite possible that he wished to retain his sacerdotal character if he could. But it is not surprising that his superiors found that a book called *A Married Priest* was doubly shocking when its author wore the garb of a priest and regarded himself as a priest of the diocese of Angers. The books are extremely interesting as throwing light on the by-ways of the history of the Church in France; the subject-matter is well presented, and Houtin's frigid style is an advantage in handling such burning topics, for it gives an air of impartiality which the very choice of them shows did not in fact exist.

But did Houtin, educated though he was from boyhood in

Church foundations with a view to the priesthood, ever really understand just what it is demanded of a priest to be? It is not so much a question of *perinde ac cadaver*: from his early experience in the monastery Houtin shewed that he was in revolt against that. But the perfect priest is a man in whom there is no contradiction between his thought and his acts. He is completely adapted to his consecration and his surroundings—that is to say, to the work which he is convinced God has given him to do in the world. From the first Houtin shewed that he was inadaptably. He cannot be blamed for that; he probably had a stronger individuality, and perhaps a stronger intellect, than those who surrounded him. At any rate, he was convinced that he knew more than they did.

But his way of asserting himself was obstinate and tactless. His first conflict arose from a paper which he read before a local society on the origin of the diocese of Angers. He undertook to sap the foundations of the story of St. René, accepted for centuries by the Catholic people of Anjou as their patron saint. His lecture provoked a scandal, and the bishop decided to prohibit its publication as a book on the principle: *Lex orandi, lex credendi*. The bishop's argument was that it were better not to disturb the faith of thousands. To be sure, a belief in St. René was not an essential dogma, but the mass of the people ignored distinctions. Convince them that their belief in St. René was wrong, and they would soon begin to think that all the rest was wrong. The freethinkers would seize hold of the incident and use it to present the Church as a school of imposture. The priests throughout the diocese who celebrated with great pomp the feast of St. René, who preached upon him and ascribed miracles to him, would be in a very unenviable position should their parishioners take it into their heads that they were being deluded. Houtin thought otherwise, and with his usual obstinacy published his book in the teeth of the bishop and chapter.

No doubt, in the abstract he was right; still, there is much to be said for the bishop's attitude. There are degrees, not of truth, which is an absolute, but in the administration of the truth. The wind must be tempered to the lamb. A captain in a storm may know that his ship is in danger of foundering; but is he obliged to say this, if he is asked, at the risk of sowing a panic? The various "revelations," some of them true, of the frauds

and trickeries practised by Russian monks and the Russian Church generally, have taken a consolation from some exiles, and left them nothing but hopeless tears. But for all that the Russian Church continues to be a church that prays, as Soloviev described it.

And this suggests the question, what good did Houtin's publication do? It cannot be said to have advanced the truth in the Church. The history of St. René was not very important, and such as it was it had already been examined and rejected by Mgr. Duchesne and others. More significant still, the Bollandists had already suppressed the *Life* of this saint. Houtin's pamphlet, then, was not necessary. It was more than anything else an act of defiance, and gave the bad example of a priest publishing a book of controversial matter without the episcopal *imprimatur*. The legend of St. René still flourishes in Anjou.

I never knew Albert Houtin, but while reading his autobiography I was constantly struck by his resemblance to another ex-priest whom I did know very well and from my early days. As I turned the pages I kept thinking: "How like he is in character to Arthur Galton!" And then, suddenly, I came on the name of Galton. He is one of the few men or women whom he encountered on his pilgrimage for whom Houtin has a good word. That was inevitable. They had the same conceit of themselves, the same contempt of the unlearned, the same lack of interest in all but ecclesiastical history and politics, the same unwillingness to be relegated among laymen; and yet as clergy the same difficulty in submitting to the general rule, the same dogged obstinacy. Galton had boxed the compass much more than Houtin. Houtin was either Catholic Christian or not Christian at all. He simply toyed with Protestantism from material reasons, and also from a perverse desire to line up with the foes of his own household; he never gave any intellectual or sentimental adhesion to it. Galton was born and bred in the Church of England, and left it, while still a young man, to enter the Church of Rome. He joined the priests of the Oratory in London, and left them to become a secular priest at Oscott, which was then a school for boys. After a while he tired of that, decided to become a layman, and went to Oxford as an elderly undergraduate. Thence he went as secretary to his uncle, who had been appointed Governor of New South Wales. On his return to

England he rejoined the Church of England and took orders. Eventually he became parson of a parish in the depths of Lincolnshire, and ministered more or less to the spiritual needs of a handful of agricultural labourers, on whose indifferent ears he let fall sermons denuded of dogma, and warnings against Popish plots. Houtin says he died as a philosopher. There was not much else left for him unless he had become a Jew or a Moslem or a Buddhist. I often wondered that he did not betake himself to Constantinople and submit—so far at least as he could submit to anything—to the apparent head of the Orthodox Church. The subtle disputes between the various national churches, united only in a common hatred of Rome, would have just suited him.

Galton had a far wider culture than Houtin; but Houtin had a better intellect and was a better writer. Galton never was able to write anything interesting. Neither he nor Houtin appears to have had any sympathy with the mystical side of religion. They relied on Pascal; but it was the Pascal who wrote: "If my Letters are condemned at Rome, *ad tuum Domine Jesu, tribunal appello*." The Pascal who said, "The heart has its reasons which the reason knoweth not," they did not understand at all.

Houtin's name is not known, and never will be known, outside the circle of those interested in French ecclesiastical history. He had not Newman's gift—but how many have?—of drawing the attention of the general public to special and often narrow discussions of Church discipline and varieties of doctrinal Christianity. His talent lay in an air of frigid detachment with which he encompassed subjects rousing passionate dissensions; in giving an impression of impartiality when he was far from impartial; and also in an art of presentation which enabled him to render interesting lives not very interesting in themselves. His treatment of his own life is a remarkable instance of his art as a showman. And further, he knew that the deadliest method of attack is not satire, still less invective, but a seemingly dispassionate statement fortified by citations from letters and other documents artfully presented. His account of his dealings with Paul Sabatier is a model of the way to belittle a man without appearing to do so.

If M. Pierre Champion, the author of a biography of Marcel Schwob,¹ had only a small parcel of Houtin's skill in that kind

¹ *Marcel Schwob et son temps*. By Pierre Champion. (Paris: Grasset, 1927).

of work, he might really have served, as he certainly desired to do, the memory of his subject. As it is, he has not enhanced the figure of Marcel Schwob, and it is to be feared that he has positively injured it. I am competent to judge, for if I knew Houtin only by hearsay, Schwob I knew very well indeed. I might even add that during a certain time he was about the nearest friend I had—that is to say, he was a man I saw very often and at all hours, who discussed his private affairs with me, and with whom I could talk freely on all sorts of subjects. The cultivation of his friendship provided an excitement akin to betting, for you never could tell between one meeting and the next whether in the interval he had not brought himself to consider you either as a dangerous enemy or as the most insignificant of mortals. There were certain prudent men who put long spaces between their meetings with him, saying that if you wanted to keep well with Schwob it were better not to see him often. I never thought that, and on the whole we got on well together. When he was preparing to go to the South Seas he asked me to go with him, and if I refused it was not that I felt any difficulty in being with him day in day out, but because I was not tempted by the localities he was bound for. All the same, I should not be at all astonished to find in the collection of Schwob's letters which M. Champion is resolved to put before the world during the next year, a screed of abuse at my expense.

Such as he was, he does not appear in M. Champion's book. This is due in part to the fact that M. Champion cannot write. But there is more, and far worse, than that. There is a choice of materials designed to give Schwob a certain attitude. Schwob, it seems, was a friend of M. Pierre Champion and of his brother, who has a bookselling trade. The Champions move in polite circles, and it would never do for them to have shabby acquaintances. Schwob must be brought up to their level. He is made respectable. Among those he knew, all the men who cannot contribute to the respectability are eliminated by the sedulous M. Champion. Thus he puts the acquaintance between Schwob and Oscar Wilde in an entirely false light. Schwob did not sympathize with Wilde's peculiar vices, but he admired him, and was influenced by him in some of his writings. M. Champion is careful to hide the fact (perhaps, after all, he does not know it) that Schwob, as well as Stuart Merrill and Pierre Louys, revised

Salome. What is the use at this time of day of treating a man who, whether you like his work or not, is now one of the great figures of Europe, his books read and his plays staged in every capital, as a scarecrow? It is true that Schwob did not see Wilde after his imprisonment. He took his tone from Henley and his friends who hated Wilde. But he got very angry and confused one night when I told him he had abandoned Wilde to his enemies. He protested that he was always willing to see Wilde, but he seemed to think that the first move should come from Wilde—which was ridiculous. It is certain he did not assist Wilde in any way during his last years in Paris. Perhaps he could not. Perhaps he was afraid of offending some of his respectable friends, men and women—a pretty motley lot compared to Wilde, who was ten cubits and a span above the whole of them.

But Schwob naturally cared nothing for respectability. His way of life, even after his marriage with Madame Marguerite Moreno, the well-known actress, shewed his impatience of all social restraints. As he was often ill, he was obliged to lead an existence rather quiet, but he did this in a manner as different as possible from Proust, who took his tone from the world of fashion. To see Schwob in his little workroom, with his pallid or sometimes yellow unshaven face, now and then without a collar, and enveloped in the violent fumes of a terribly strong cigar, was to realise his contempt for the things which Proust valued. He carried his indifference to appearances to a point which the most "bohemian" Frenchman does not often reach; it was here that the Jew came in—the kind of Jew who cares nothing for wealth or social position. I never saw the slightest sign that Schwob valued people for such things; he even could not understand such an attitude; it was only dawning on him as possible when he died. He was absolutely exempt from vulgarity. His sole estimation of a man was his value as a scholar or as an artist, and as an artist in the only art which interested him, the literary art.

To represent him as a sort of Proust, eager to propitiate and to cultivate his relations with people who had a certain amount of wealth and notoriety, is to falsify his portrait. M. Champion devotes considerable space to Schwob's acquaintance with an American, Marion Crawford, apparently because Crawford had a yacht and a palace in Italy, and things like that. Thus presented,

Schwob's intercourse with Crawford is out of proportion. Crawford never really occupied much space in his life. Crawford came to Paris with a play, "Francesca da Rimini," which no man remembereth, perhaps, save him who writes. He wanted to have his play acted by Sarah Bernhardt, and I believe he had his desire. Schwob undertook to translate the play, as a man who wanted money and was incapable at the moment of doing original work. The matter was probably arranged by Mme. Moreno. He certainly did not abound in admiration of the play.

His dealings with Sarah Bernhardt are meagrely related by the discreet M. Champion. He may perhaps have really admired this woman as an actress, but I can't recall a word of his to show that he did. While he was rehearsing his "Hamlet" he overflowed in objurgations of her crass ignorance and her play-actressism.

In their disputes she was doubtless right from a practical standpoint. Although he knew English and English literature very well, he did not know much about England. He had illusions as to the reverence in which Shakespeare is held by the English theatre public. One day, after a violent argument with Sarah about some "cuts" which she wanted to make, he ended with: "If you do that in London you will be hooted off the stage." But she, with her great knowledge of all manner of theatre publics, answered sharply: "In London they come to see me, not Shakespeare." He used to return from these harassing rehearsals in a chastened mood, and sometimes quite down-hearted. "You know, if that woman keeps on I'll give up the whole biz," he said one afternoon, putting, as he sometimes did, an Americanism in his good English, which, with the antiquated phrases he sometimes used, gave a quaint effect to his talk. At certain hours he was seething with such indignation that he could hardly bear to think of the players. "What is your Queen like?" I once asked him. "She's fat." "And the King?" "He's not fat." "And Rosenkrantz and Guildenstern?" "They're fat." "And Ophelia?" "She's not fat."

He had a highly developed sense of humour: it was one of his principal traits; but nobody would ever infer this from M. Champion's book. To my mind, the biographer has used far too freely the letters written by Schwob to Marguerite Moreno during their frequent separations. Thus again his portrait is falsified.

These letters are sincere outpourings. But they were often written at moments when his moral state was at the lowest to the one person in the world with whom it was not worth while to show any restraint, for she knew and had accepted all his weaknesses. He had, manifestly, an unshakeable belief in the steadfastness of her affection. The Jew, even the cultivated Jew, who, having lost faith in his religion no longer derives any support from it, in moments of stress is abandoned to his instincts more than men of other races. In writing to Mme. Moreno, Schwob let his instincts run riot. The trouble is that as these letters form a large part of the book, the reader closes it with the impression of a man langourous and complaining; and he really was not that. The face he turned to the world was that of a man amused, interested, not lacking in fortitude. Never have I encountered a writer so free from literary jealousy and so eager to serve others. He was hard on what he did not like, but if he liked a thing he took endless trouble to advance its fortunes. He liked a book of essays I wrote, and spoke of it to many, and among them to Arthur Symons. This led Symons to think that my book had some merit, and he offered to write an article on it for the *Saturday Review*. But at that time anything published by Leonard Smithers was anathema, and Symons' offer was declined.

What was Marcel Schwob really worth? M. Champion treats him as a great genius, after hazarding in his Preface a supposition, quickly stifled, that he is perhaps mistaken as to the value of his subject. The truth is that Schwob cannot be placed in the first or even in the second rank of writers. He was learned; his studies on Villon have compelled the admiration of experts. At twelve years of age he could have passed the Oxford Responsions. His critical sense was very fine, and as he knew three or four modern languages he had a wider scope than perhaps any other man of his time in France. But he wished to be judged as an original artist, and it is just here that he is disappointing. If the substance be searched for beyond the actual writing, which is always admirable, it is found to be flimsy. He was derivative; he had to be started by something he admired. Thus his *Livre de Monelle* proceeds from Nietzsche and a little from Dostoevsky. Others, including the mistaken *Moeurs des Diurnales*, from Rabelais, and even from Anatole France. But he was most influenced by the English—to such a point indeed that one could

wish he had never learned English. Only last year an English girl student who had chosen Marcel Schwob as the subject of her thesis for the Sorbonne confessed to me, after a careful reading of his books, that her enthusiasm had much waned, for she had read the same kind of thing in English, done much better. It was to Stevenson that his admiration chiefly went, to the point of submerging his own originality and sending him, a sedentary and hypochondriacal Frenchman, on a senseless voyage to the South Seas, from which he brought back nothing except perhaps the seeds of the malady that killed him. He was forcing his nature. He was not in the least like Stevenson—utterly different by race and training. To him, Semitic by origin and with a profound Latin culture, the Pacific and its islands were naturally hateful. But Stevenson was there in Paris. Through *The Wrecker* and *The Ebb-Tide* and the *Letters to Colvin* he saw as on a stage the glorious adventure of the Pacific, and had the wild idea to get on that stage himself. How hallucinated he was in his talks with me before he started! But when at last he did get on that stage, alas! Athens was not there, nor the gods of Rome, nor anything to lay hold of—not even Jerusalem, except in its most degraded revelations—money-lender or coolie-Jew. The result was one of the most uncomfortable journeys which mortal man has undertaken since the days of Ulysses. All one can say is that it was better for him to be down there than in Paris, if being in Paris meant writing such a horror as *Moeurs des Diurnales*, with its music-hall wit and satire, or translating another *Francesca da Rimini* for whatever Sarah Bernhardt happened to be before the public.

Will nothing of Marcel Schwob live? To say no would be too melancholy, remembering how he craved literary fame. I think that the book called *La Lampe de Psyche* will often be read by those who like the cadences of great French prose. In this volume will be found the "Croisade des Enfants." That will doubtless always be included in anthologies; for nobody else in France, or in England either, could have written it.

Ireland's Neglected Opportunities

No. 2—TRANSPORT AND COMMUNICATION

By ARTIFEX.

"You're right, sir; but sure the Lakes would be worth a guinea a drop if we could put them in hell!" Such was the picturesque retort of the jarvey, exasperated by his Yankee client's estimates of the financial value of "Heaven's reflex" if it could only be transplanted to the vicinity of New York. The metaphor, though fanciful, is not entirely fantastic. Had one of our great-grandfathers predicted that water would travel automatically from the mountains of Wales to the London slum, or from Wicklow Hills to the tenement "Hages" of Dublin, their contemporaries would probably have bracketed them with the Killarney jarvey. Yet these "miracles" are the commonplaces of to-day. They are big things indeed. It is the comparatively little things which have not been done, and it is with one of these apparently simpler problems that we are now concerned. With such questions as why, while millions of gallons of water are freely distributed every day to the overcrowded areas of Dublin, their inhabitants are effectively denied the essential vitamins contained in vegetables freely grown within a few miles of their homes? Why the wage-earner is compelled to pay fourpence for a head of cabbage for which his neighbour, the actual producer, receives less than a halfpenny? Why—to state our problem in wider terms—the inhabitants of an abundantly productive country are compelled to forego the physical necessities of healthy existence?

In essaying answers to such questions it is desirable to remind ourselves of the diametrically opposite conditions which prevail in England, where one-fifth of the people, being agriculturists, make efforts to feed the other four-fifths; and in Ireland, where four-fifths are engaged in the industry of food production. Bracketed with this condition is the further fact that live-stock can be transported more cheaply from South America to Liverpool than from Donegal to Dublin; and that butter is more easily conveyed from Copenhagen to London than it is from Cork to Belfast.

The purpose of this contribution being to suggest that lack of the means of communication and transportation lies at the

root of many of our neglected opportunities, a few words by way of definition are desirable. Communication, as distinct from transportation, is concerned with bringing the consumer into personal touch with the producer—thus providing the first link in the chain of successful marketing. Such contacts may be made by personal meetings, or by postal, telegraphic or telephonic communication. Of such machinery the least satisfactory is the letter and the telegram; the most effective, personal or telephonic conversation. Hitherto isolated from each other by distance, which railway systems have done little to abate, the consumer and the producer have remained apart. To-day, however, a new dynamic is developing in the form of the cheap motor car and the motor omnibus. The time and the cost of visiting within a radius of five miles has been extended to cover a radius of twenty or thirty. The "travel habit," so stimulated, tends to grow, and even wider visiting areas are established. Concurrently the network of telephone wires—"vehicles of the disembodied word"—extends into hitherto isolated farming districts. Personal contacts so made, and direct knowledge and information so acquired, strike effectively at bodies of middlemen—masses of peddling intermediaries, whose small cunning and narrow outlook have so long thriven upon the artificial excrescences of the fair and the market—parasites who have hitherto barred the way between the financial necessities of the food producer and the scanty breakfast table of the wage-earner. So, it is suggested, will modern communications help to destroy what remains of the blighting tradition of the gombeen-man.

Proceeding to examine the more complicated links in the chain which is necessary to connect the field and the factory with the pantry and the wardrobe of the consumer, we find ourselves in the field of transportation proper; and again it is necessary to survey existing and potential machinery. Here again England with her teeming and concentrated industrial populations, and her unrivalled system of railway transport, may not be taken as an index to Irish conditions, or as a model for Irish reforms. With scattered rural populations, Irish railways fail to penetrate large agricultural areas, their services are infrequent, and their stations lie relatively far apart. All of which means that the average farmer has been compelled to rely upon horse-drawn transport (in practice most frequently the ass-and-cart) to link up

with more or less remote railway contacts. The inevitable result has been the interposition of barriers between the farmer and the consumer. Yet side by side with this paucity of railway contacts lay a supply of road-arteries probably unequalled by those of any other country. A population of slightly over 4,000,000 possessed more than 60,000 miles of highways which, except for local traffic, had lain useless for upwards of sixty years. But with the end of the European war, and the liberation of motor transport, every mile of highway became a potential asset of incalculable and increasing value—a means of recreating the economic life of the countryside. Then came the inevitable clash between railway interests (who had struggled hard for decades against insufficient traffics) and the pioneers of road transport. Local administrators—sympathetic with railway shareholders, and fearing the cost of adapting roads for heavy motor transport—sided against the lorry owner. Taxes much in excess of the British or any other scale were imposed upon heavy road vehicles. The result was a temporary set back; but with steady road improvement the advance of the commercial vehicle has recurred. Not alone supplies for, and produce from, the farm are now carried in rapidly increasing quantities over distances up to fifty or sixty miles, but special vehicles for the transit of sheep, pigs and other livestock multiply rapidly. In some cases even fat cattle are advantageously carried over distances as great as eighty miles. From another angle the motor 'bus—which we have classified as an implement for "communication"—may become an invaluable instrument of transport, carrying light goods to the wayside farm, and parcels of perishable produce from the farm to the town consumer. With such experience to draw upon, it is now evident that reactionary influences have failed to impede a rapid return to a form of transport which simplifies the packing problem, avoids intermediate transfers between seller and buyer, and reduces delay and confusion to its practical minimum.

Space will only permit the merest allusion to other aspects of road transport possibilities—to the facilities which it offers for centralising primary, secondary and technical schools; to its power to penetrate, and relieve the repellent monotony of isolated areas; to the possibilities which it affords of linking up canal depots and disused harbours with their agricultural hinterlands; to the inducements which it offers the

townsman not only to visit but to seek his dormitory in the country; to the attractions which it offers to overseas tourists; and, finally, to the growing influence which it must exercise in the abatement of "localism" and the authority of the "parish-pump politician"—to culminate, let us hope, in the recreation of sane relationships between communities now divided by a politically manufactured Boundary between North and South.

To conclude our survey without some reference to the inevitably serious reactions of road transport upon railway economics might appear like shirking an issue of really great importance. Whether, and to what extent, the railway will survive road competition will depend in some measure upon the policy and programme of railway directorates and their official supporters. As the spinal cord of our national transport network—reorganised and effectively dovetailed into road "feeder" systems—railways, at this stage, would seem to have a permanent function to discharge as carriers of goods and passengers over distances exceeding thirty or forty miles of their existing main lines. Failure to realise that hundreds of miles of branch lines in sparsely populated areas must be abandoned, and that hundreds of small stations must be closed, would appear to involve a process of gradual decay with ultimate financial disaster in the background. The process of readjustment at the best must be severe, based upon a recognition of the fact that road transport must be encouraged, not waylaid or shackled, if hitherto neglected opportunities are to contribute their quota of the national being.

Omission to make special reference to non-agricultural industries has a two-fold justification. First, the limitations of space; secondly, the fact that agriculture and its ancillary industries dominate the entire economic situation and outlook, and should therefore be regarded as the controlling consideration in shaping the policy, and evolving the machinery, of Irish transport. To such a policy and to such machinery other industries will adapt themselves. The necessary foundation of their permanence must be agricultural prosperity. Farming is the keystone of our national well-being. To provide the farmer with efficient transport and communications is the first and vitally important step.

The consideration of two other factors in our problem must needs be deferred. Aircraft must play a yet incalculable part

in the speeding-up of our communications ; but the time has not yet arrived at which even intelligent anticipation of its future influences can usefully be undertaken. Of greater immediate importance is the growth of " wireless," with its infinite possibilities of bettering our internal and external communications. As a means by which mental activity may be quickened, and productive energies accordingly stimulated, in hitherto isolated and stagnant districts its influence is incalculable.

Summarising the results of our brief survey and speculations, are we not entitled to record the conclusion that the lack of transport and communications has been a root-cause of many of our greatest, and most neglected, opportunities ; and to express the belief that this fundamental phase of neglect no longer exists. May we not, indeed, with some confidence entertain the lively hope that the re-opening of Ireland's roads heralds the opening of a new chapter in Ireland's economic and social life !

The Problem of Government

(The discussion upon the "Problem of Government" opened by Mr. J. H. Humphreys in the July number of the "Dublin Magazine," and continued in the October issue, has elicited many interesting comments from public men and writers in various countries. We print below three further letters, which we have received since the publication of the October issue, together with Mr. Humphreys' concluding remarks.)

From M. GEORGES SCELLE, Professor of International Law at the University of Dijon.

J'ai lu avec le plus grand intérêt le suggestif article de M. John H. Humphreys dans le *Dublin Magazine* sur le problème du Gouvernement.

On a presque toujours considéré jusqu'ici, en France notamment, le problème de la représentation proportionnelle comme une question d'organisation électorale, et le grand argument de ses adversaires, c'était précisément la difficulté, pour ne pas dire l'impossibilité, d'arriver à dégager une majorité et par suite de former un Gouvernement stable. Les suggestions de M. Humphreys apportent le remède précis à cet inconvénient en transportant le système proportionnel de la représentation au sein du Gouvernement. Ce remède est fort simple, il suffisait seulement d'y penser : c'est l'oeuf de Christophe Colomb.

Mais si le système se défend parfaitement au point de vue de la logique et de la justice, il sera pratiquement sans doute assez difficile d'obtenir l'adhésion des politiciens, non seulement dans les pays qui pratiquent le "spoils system," mais encore dans ceux qui voient dans chaque élection une bataille de doctrines et d'idées et dans le triomphe alternatif des partis, le pendule qui marque les étapes successives du progrès et de la démocratie.

La représentation proportionnelle au sein du Gouvernement ne me paraît pas cependant de nature à retarder ce progrès. Elle l'obligerait seulement à marcher en ligne droite et beaucoup plus lentement, au lieu de procéder par sauts brusques et contradictoires, comme dans le système de l'alternance des partis.

Le Gouvernement de compromis qui en résulterait serait analogue à celui qu'engendrerait l'adoption de la représentation *professionnelle*, que beaucoup préconisent aujourd'hui et qui ne pourrait être lui-même qu'un Gouvernement de compromis entre

les diverses classes sociales, sous peine d'aboutir à la tyrannie d'une classe ou d'une profession.

Enfin, tant que la S. D. N. et l'Organisation internationale en général auront à leur base un système fédératif et que les Etats seront considérés comme les membres essentiels, si non uniques, de la communauté internationale,—on ne voit guère qu'un procédé de représentation *régionale* ou proportionnelle (ce qui revient à peu près au même) qui soit capable d'éviter une hégémonie abusive des grandes Puissances ou d'un groupe de Puissances. Il nous paraît donc que les suggestions de M. Humphreys sont extrêmement intéressantes à étudier et qu'elles ouvrent des voies larges et lumineuses à l'avenir constitutionnel des peuples et de la Société des Nations. Mais ces suggestions ont besoin d'être poussées plus à fond dans leurs applications d'ordre pratique, et ces idées ont besoin d'être *répandues*, car elles étonneront par leur nouveauté et par leur simplicité les politiques, les juristes, et les diplomates.

From M. DELCROIX, Ministry of the Interior, Belgium.

J'ai lu l'étude que Monsieur Humphreys y consacre au problème du gouvernement avec toute l'attention que méritent les travaux de ce publiciste qui s'est fait un nom dans les sciences politiques. Liberté dans les opinions, justice dans leur représentation, co-opération sincère entre les partis pour constituer un gouvernement, tels sont les trois principes qui devraient d'après lui, servir de base à la politique intérieure de chaque pays et à la politique mondiale de la Société des Nations.

Avec une dialectique impeccable il sait tirer des faits, objectivement analysés, des enseignements qui prouvent l'exactitude de ses théories.

From STEPHEN GWYNN.

My views upon Proportional Representation are coloured by the resentment shared by all (officially) "frivolous" candidates who in their day have forfeited a deposit. But I am glad to note from an article in the *Irish Times*, otherwise critical, that its opponents have dropped the absurd plea that it was unintelligible. Try to explain on paper the theory and practice of laying the odds, and you will soon be bogged; but the populace at large have no difficulty in betting.

I notice one thing which may simply be *post hoc* but I think is *propter*. Elections before P.R. in Ireland nearly always assumed the character of a faction fight; under it this phenomenon has almost disappeared. That in itself is a great advance; and correspondingly the absence of clear cut party divisions has many advantages in lessening party rancour.

Those who think that parliamentary government can only work well under the two party system, and who oppose P.R. because it is unfavourable to the two party system, omit to consider that the two party system is everywhere extinct, except possibly in the United States. It is anyhow dead as mutton in England, where we have so far no P.R.—and where the Tory party has every reason to resist the introduction of a measure which would permit Tories from profiting, as they always do, by the split vote.

But is firm government really only possible on the two party system? France has had the system of government by groups for a very long time with the result, according to some observers, that French policy to-day is much more continuous, much less jerky, than that of Britain. Ministers change often, but not policies, whereas England may be Tory one month and Radical or quasi-Socialist the next. I do not think we need despair of the State because we have not the electoral machinery which produces the English results. And even with P.R. the electorate has worked its way in three or four years to a position very closely resembling that which exists in England—two main parties and a third group may have to hold the balance. It has been very instructive to see in Ireland how the superfluous groups, which had no reason for their existence, have been wiped out by the electorate's action. There is still, however, a fourth element which has no English parallel, those Independents, who represent the Protestant minority—most of whom still think of themselves as in a measure separate. When that feeling dies out the logical justification for this group will be done, and it will disappear; but at present P.R. gives this minority a representation which has real value and a guarantee.

On the whole the advantages of P.R. seem to be certain and definite: the disadvantages problematic and based on imagination. I feel no assurance that it would be good for the country to have any longer a government which would disregard parliament as

Mr. Cosgrave's did till last July; though I do regard it as fortunate that he had five years of a free hand to get things started.

On the other hand, up to the present Mr. de Valera has enjoyed an advantage in electioneering almost as great as President Cosgrave's in administration. It is demonstrated that under P.R. the better organisation has an immense pull over the inferior, because it gets its voters to the poll, and surmounts that apathy which is the besetting vice generated by this cold-blooded system—just as faction fighting was by the old contests. Mr. Cosgrave and his Ministers had so free a hand that they undertook a vast deal of legislative and executive work, which left them no time or energy to think about electioneering. Mr. de Valera and his abstentionists had nothing to do but organise the constituencies. Now they will be made on a level in this respect.

In short, I am not in love with the system, but as compared with that in use in England, the Irish plan is incomparably fairer, and I am not sure but it is the safer. Parliament at present in England may be dangerously unlike the electorate. But at all events, do not let us delude ourselves into believing that another plan would give us the two-party system. That is past praying for.

By JOHN H. HUMPHREYS.

In the July issue of the review I had the privilege of initiating a discussion on the problem of government. To this discussion contributions of high value have been received from a number of different countries.

The general tenor of the comment, which is that of determined pursuit of a solution compatible with the idea of self-government, is in strong contrast to the—shall I say—fashionable reaction of the present day against democracy and liberty. Dean Inge has pronounced that democracy is doomed. Bernard Shaw chooses for a theme "Democracy as a Delusion." This reaction against democracy has also touched Ireland, although she has in the past fought passionately for the right of self-expression. From different quarters we derive a picture of mankind overthrowing tyrannies and despotisms and establishing democracies, only to fall once more under the heel of new dictatorships.

Let us not be too fast bound by past history. It is true that in the development of human institutions there have been varia-

tions of direction and of pace. Periods of progress have outrun the impulses which created them, and have been followed by periods of reaction. But we have yet to learn that the phase of reaction is the phase of greatest human good. Nor is it proved that the alternation between democracy and despotism is inevitable. A directed progress may be more or less uninterrupted.

There are possibly some who believe that a dictatorship, which holds as criminal the free expression of the human mind on questions of politics, is a higher form of human organisation than democratic institutions framed and worked by a self-governing people. But this is not the general opinion. Even defenders of autocracies regard them as of temporary character, to be replaced at some later date—and generally after an unpleasant period of readjustment—by free institutions. I am one of those who believe that evolution is possible without these violent reactions.

It is stimulating to turn from the dismal critics of our times to the confident, if cautious, estimate of the future sent by Professor Lewis Jerome Johnson, of Harvard. He writes :—

The past ten decades have done more to make democracy possible, as well as necessary, than perhaps all the previous progress of the world put together.

We have thus far made only beginnings. Costly, indispensable, and creditable as these beginnings have been, they are yet only beginnings, and so fragmentary as to be still largely sterile, not to say self-defeating. All of which is neither to be wondered at nor to be regarded as disappointing. It is not a short step from the old despotisms . . . to the full satisfactions normally to be expected by and for everybody from a democracy fully and consistently worked out in economic as well as in political lines.

Moreover, there are clear evidences that our progress in this very direction may be and in fact is accelerating in speed and certainty. In this respect it is much more like the hardly older movement, modern science, and to be normally rapid and satisfying it must doubtless employ the same methods as modern science."

These views are shared by other competent opinion. To give only one example, H. A. L. Fisher, Warden of New College, Oxford, an accomplished historian and educationist, recently stated that within the last few years, and in spite of seemingly retrograde movements in some parts of Europe, democracy had

made substantial advances. The addition of Germany to the ranks of democratically governed countries under a constitution framed by representatives of the people of Germany, was, he pointed out, a notable accession to the forces of democracy. I would add as another notable advance, in spite of its imperfections and its immature development, the League of Nations. This beginning of world government is a democratic conception, for it presupposes the free co-operation of nations in the discussion and solution of world problems. The idea of dictatorship is excluded from the vision of the League of Nations.

Professor Johnson, while satisfied that the forces of democracy are making substantial progress, very rightly suggests that advance would be yet more rapid if we applied to democratic government the methods that have been effective in extending man's knowledge and man's power in the realm of science. My original article was, indeed, a plea for the application of scientific methods to the study of representative institutions. In this task the nations have a right to expect a fuller measure of assistance from the Universities and the schools, especially in regard to the developments of the last thirty years. In methods of election—an indispensable part of a democratic system—and their influence upon government, there exists a field of the utmost importance which has hardly been touched upon.

A few months ago the British Press abounded with misinformed comments on the electoral system used in France since 1919. Nor was the Irish Press free. I venture to question whether many of our teachers of political science could have supplied exact information. Yet the method of election used in France from 1919 to 1927, as M. Poincaré himself showed in a series of articles in the London press, had a material influence upon the relations between the political parties, upon the composition of the ministries, upon the general policy of the country. So in other European countries, the electoral method, as an organic part of the machinery of democracy, has influenced the formation and the conduct of government. A comparative study of the different electoral systems would be a subject of more than ordinary interest, as well as importance, to the student of politics. It is a necessary step in determining the nature of the electoral laws which will meet most adequately the present-day needs of representative government.

But whatever the electoral system may be, if we are to ensure the success of democracy, we have to solve a problem which is now confronting the whole of North-Western Europe, namely, the formation and maintenance of a government where there are more than two parties, and where no one of these parties has an absolute majority of the seats. In England the consideration of this problem is hampered by conventions of parliamentary procedure and party relationships which are proper only to a two-party system. This is also true, though to a less extent, in Ireland, which is necessarily influenced both by proximity to England and by a common parliamentary experience extending over a long period.

The suggestion which is sometimes put forward, that representative government can function properly only under a two-party system, does not carry us far; for whatever advantages may have attached to the two-party system in the past history of England, we are confronted with the fact, to which Mr. Stephen Gwynn refers, that with the possible exception of the United States, the two-party system is extinct. The two-party system, which we in England have made almost a fetish, is—or rather, was—in fact only an accidental manifestation of our political life and history. There is in it no element of universality which should make it a model for all times and all nations. It is clearly unsuited as a basis for world government as aimed at in the League of Nations. The nearest approach to a two-party system in international politics was the doctrine of the balance of power. The organisation of Europe into two groups led almost inevitably to war—the natural result of a system which tends to diminish similarities and enlarge differences.

To countries such as India, a two-party system is obviously unsuited; and in most countries in Europe the attempt to marshal into two groups an electorate divided into different, though sometimes overlapping, elements by a conflict of nationality, religion, and economic interest, is doomed to failure from the commencement. This is not to say that there never will be a two-party system. It will arise again, under whatever electoral method, when the political conditions of the day make the two-party system the appropriate means for the organisation of public opinion. But, if I may quote words recently spoken in an address to the Dublin Rotary Club, “by the very nature of modern

existence, by the extreme extension of the franchise, by the spread of the knowledge of reading, by the world-wide press, we have reached a stage where we no longer can have only two parties." If this is so—and for the greater part of the world the truth is apparent—we must adapt parliamentary procedure and party relationships to those new political conditions, and our next task is to examine along what lines useful progress can be made.

In my opening article I compared some post-war experiments in government, and enquired whether they disclosed any guiding principles capable of general application. The analogy of the League of Nations is useful. For the perfect functioning of the League of Nations certain conditions are necessary: each nation must be free within itself; its relations to its neighbour must be determined by equity, not by force; nations must be prepared to co-operate in the solution of world-problems, and such co-operation will imply the subordination, where necessary, of national to world interests.

Democratic nation government seems to require the recognition of similar principles—freedom for parties to develop the contributions they can make to the national stock; the equitable representation of parties; the maximum measure of co-operation between parties, or between parliament and government, in respect of the work of the nation. These principles—freedom, justice, co-operation—though not absent from men's minds, have not yet been applied consciously with a clear recognition of their validity; when they are so applied, they will, I believe, exercise a powerful influence in raising representative government to a higher stage of development.

There are obstacles which must be overcome; we must forget that destructive maxim of the two-party system—it is the duty of the Opposition always to oppose; we must give up the convention, so paralysing to the independence of parliament, that every vote is a vote of confidence, and that an adverse vote must be followed by the resignation of the Government. On all sides the spirit must be cultivated that the interests of a country are above those of a party.

The will to co-operate, which is quite consistent with free and effective discussion, is essential. In its absence improvements in organisation which are merely mechanical will not carry us far. Democratic government perished in Italy in 1922. In the previous

year *Spectator*—the *nom-de-plume* covers the personality of a distinguished Italian senator—strongly urged in *La Nuova Antologia* the necessity of party co-operation in Parliament. But the necessary co-operation, the necessary subordination of party claims, was not given. Would parliamentary government have broken down in Italy if parties had fully realised that each had a measure of responsibility for ensuring that the country was provided with a government?

In respect of each self-governing country there should now be written in a scientific spirit a history of the formation and maintenance of the government since the war, including an evaluation of the influence of the electoral law in force. The Irish Free State has used the single transferable vote, a form of P.R. which accords to candidates and to electors the fullest measure of freedom of action; it differs in essential respects from the methods of P.R. employed elsewhere. The full story of the working of this system in Ireland, including the events which took place in Northern Ireland after the abolition of the system for local elections, would provide an interesting chapter in this series.

Let us consider one or two of the broader aspects of the influence of the transferable vote. Prior to the election in 1922 of the Provisional Parliament of the Irish Free State, an arrangement was made between Mr. Michael Collins and Mr. De Valera, acting on behalf of the two sections of the Sinn Fein party, as to the selection of the Sinn Fein candidates. The members already sitting in the existing Dail were to be nominated for the constituencies for which they sat. They were to receive the joint support of the pro-Treaty and anti-Treaty sections of Sinn Fein. If this arrangement, which was made over the heads of the electors, had become fully effective, the difficult situation, amounting to a deadlock, then existing in the Irish Free State would have been, at least for a time, stereotyped, preventing progress. The single transferable vote released electors from this quasi-dictatorship. This system of voting elicited from electors their first choice as between the candidates; it thereby gave a trustworthy indication of the mind of Ireland in respect of the Treaty which had been made with Great Britain. The single member system would not have given to the electors any effective opportunity of combating the pact; their minds would have been imprisoned. The use of the single transferable vote in the election of 1922 is a dominating

fact. It determined the course of events at a critical moment ; it has influenced the whole history of the last five years.

Difficulties still exist ; but during these five years Ireland has progressed from days of terror, in 1922, to the calmer atmosphere of December, 1927. In the article on Ireland in the *Round Table*, December, 1927, the writer, speaking of the general election of the previous September and of the constitutional difficulties confronting the Irish Free State, said :—

It is ridiculous to attribute what has happened to P.R. Our political conditions are certainly more stable than they would have been under a less accurate system of representation. The Fianna Fail party obtained a representation proportionate to their strength in the country, and have learnt that, whilst they cannot hope to denounce the Treaty, neither can they pose as a persecuted and powerless minority and refuse to face their responsibilities. It cannot be doubted that this smooth adjustment to new and changed conditions is of greater value to our infant State than the violent swings of the pendulum to which we would be liable under the old system.

The phrase “adjustment to new and changed conditions” aptly summarises what has taken place. Nor can it be doubted that this adjustment has been facilitated by the scrupulous justice with which the electoral law has treated the minority. The work of adjustment is not finished. The process is still going on. The Public Safety Act was looked upon with distrust by many of those who desired the Government responsible for it to remain in power. The Government, in agreeing that this Act should cease to function after December, 1928, accepted the view of Parliament. The more complete the understanding and co-operation between parliament and the executive, the more confidence can a nation have in its future ; and such co-operation, it may be reiterated, need not involve any real diminution of the effective discussion of public affairs.

Ordered national self-government, I said in my first article, is indispensable if we are to proceed to a successful ordering of world government ; and ordered national self-government, even in the increasing complexity of modern times, is well within the range of human attainment. But progress in both spheres, as Professor Johnson points out, can be more rapid if we apply scientific methods to the study of the problems involved.

Italian Current Literature

By J. M. H.

Il Convegno, one of the best of Italian reviews, has had for its principal feature in several numbers an essay entitled "Thirteen Variations on an Irish Theme." The Irish theme is James Joyce, who leads the author of the Variations, Antonello Gerbi, on to much else, modern—and ancient.

Joyce. James Joyce. *Ulysses*, *Dedalus*. A name, a myth. Not to be translated. Now everyone knows him; everyone can give himself the air of knowing him. He was more inaccessible than the gold of the Niebelung—defended by the Dublin dialect, actively protected by the thunderbolt of the censorship.

Gerbi gives his description of the famous book and of the author, "pure Irish by race and inspiration." It is a pity *Ulysses* has been translated. Joyce was a literary myth and geographical enigma; now he is a man of letters, like so many others—still Gerbi gives his description of the book, like so many others. The affinities of Joyce as discerned by a speculative Italian are what interests us now. Joyce has caused others to think of Freud. But Gerbi insists in this connexion on the profounder side of Freud, who has not distinguished two personalities in man, but has insisted rather that Man is one, "complex, but one; contradictory, but one." The method is an ancient one: Spinoza said "the affection which is passion ceases to be passion when we form a clear and distinct idea of it." The idealist philosopher, Croce, is pleased to recognise in the doctrine of Freud a critical elaboration of the popular theory which interprets dreams as prophecies; and the Irish theme leads Gerbi to reflect finally that Croce and the psycho-analysts alone among the moderns have attained to a theory of error worthy of the Holy Inquisition and of Jansenism, since both admit the rationality of evil, and both—for in Croce's ethics of the will the making of a mistake is the necessary result of a volition, some thing one is responsible for—refuse it any indulgence. These two freethinkers—philosopher and doctor—

have re-established the systems adopted by the Catholic Church to discover and extirpate evil: auricular confession and the Holy Inquisition.

For a further Variation Gerbi works out an interesting analogy between Marx and Freud: both given to dialectic and seeking

reality as a one, only the object of the first is the history of society, the object of the second the psyche of man.

Atrocious worlds . . . of the subconscious and of economy, infernal worlds in eternal ebullition . . . but from that violent chaos of sorrow and of blood arises all there is that is beautiful, great and holy.

The *Convegno* publishes also a translation of an English story by Orlo Williams, and a note on Ferrero's *La Rivolta del Figlio*. Ferrero is the popular historian of ancient Rome, who has now turned to romance. *La Rivolta del Figlio* is the second volume of his much discussed novel, *Le Due Verità*, a historical novel—the scene set, however, not in ancient Rome, but in the Rome of 1890! This book, which has an immense documentary foundation and is lavish in its evocation of the customs of forty years ago, has been greatly admired, and will be, no doubt, translated into English.

It is a pity that foreign readers are given so little opportunity of realising the remarkable richness of Italy at present in strong speculative intellects. Here, for instance, in the *Convegno* is an article on the "Clarity of Pascal," reviewing Frederico Gentile's book *Pascal*. Frederico Gentile is not to be confused with Gentile, the celebrated philosopher and author of the Fascist education law, whose name is Giovanni; but he seems to belong to the same school of "actual idealism," and to have considered Pascal from the standpoint of this philosophy. The reviewer criticises this method and objects to Gentile's scholasticism. A wave of scholasticism—actual scholasticism, that is—is over Italy, and its influence may be felt even in ephemeral journalism. I take a Fascist sheet—in size and format resembling the productions of our weekly press—called *L'Italiano*; politics proper are wholly absent from its pages, and yet one cannot call it a literary journal. At the head of the sheet is the slogan: "We have never read a page of Gabriele d'Annunzio." The object of this journalism seems to be to give expression to the Fascist point of view towards things in general, a point of view which shall be detached from that of Western Europe, whose intellectual commotions only arouse a benevolent irony. Pellizi, the author of an excellent book on England, is among the contributors. He observes that patriots who want to pick a quarrel with France show a scanty imagination; better fight rather with America, Asia and the Pole. Pellizi, in his

Cose d'Inghilterra, declared that with Gentile's scholastics the Italian mind declared war without quarter against the whole of so-called Western civilisation. Delightful little pen and ink comments, reminiscent of an eighteenth-century art, add to the charm of *L'Italiano*. It advertises I notice, several of the works of Malaparte, alias Curtius, the most prominent of the younger Italian journalists to-day. Malaparte has denounced the danger of Fascism coming to be identified with bourgeois interests—the interest, that is, of the man to whom “security” is everything, and for whom the State in no true sense exists. He represents the intellectual and revolutionary end of young Fascism, and has written a book called *Italia Barbara*. Mussolini's bourgeois supporters, with their Black and Tan allies, who would substitute castor-oil for imagination and intellect, have tried to suppress Malaparte, accusing him of introducing a German influence because of his German name and because he has defended the neo-Hegelian scholastics of Naples, Gentile and even the Liberal Croce, against the ignorance of an obscurantist nationalism.

De Ruggiero's valuable volume on Liberalism has been translated into English (Oxford University Press: *A History of European Liberalism*). De Ruggiero is another member of the Neapolitan school. His book should be read in Ireland, where the nature and meaning of liberalism need to be understood. Not the abstract liberalism, based insecurely on the two exploded and contrary doctrines of natural rights and of the “economic man,” and which regards the State as policeman only—of this liberalism we have a few representatives on the Senate, and on our public bodies. One of them was advising Irishmen the other day to read the economist Bastiat, mimic of the great Proudhon, a tedious writer, whose books, as de Ruggiero says, have very properly been the butt of the Socialists. De Ruggiero, though a Liberal and opponent of nationalist economics, recognises that individual rights are not anterior to the State; and he is equally severe on that other form of individualism, Bentham's utilitarian doctrine, which regards the economic man, guided by self-interest, as the cell and moral of political society. The State (he holds with Hegel) is “freedom in the fullness of realization.” His account of nationalities is most interesting. He says that their growth in Europe “displays in all its vigour the Liberal spirit immanent in their origin.” Nationality is consent; but a consent of a

very different kind from that on which the State is built according to the (false) theory of natural rights. The consent has a spontaneity which is not at all legal or contractual. If we interpret it as natural rights, we put too great an emphasis on will to the detriment of history and tradition : " this is the error of what are known as plebiscites," the old social contract translated into a national contract. At the opposite pole is the error of supposing that a nation exists simply because it existed in the past, and to try anachronistically to revive a dead historical world. We in Ireland seem to have succeeded in putting one foot into one of these errors, and another foot into another.

Book Reviews

FOCLOIR GAEDHILGE AGUS BEARLA: An Irish-English Dictionary. Compiled and Edited by the Rev. Patrick S. Dineen, M.A. (Dublin (for The Irish Texts Society): The Educational Company of Ireland. 12s. 6d. net.)

Appropriately enough this dictionary so typical of the Irish renaissance was fierily baptized in 1916. The plates perished in the flames of Easter Week. The copies of the dictionary extant became rarities for libraries and collectors. The author was at work again almost before the ruins of Dublin had ceased to smoke; and now, as the dictionary (grown to about twice and a half its original size) rises from its unforgotten ashes, we are able to appreciate fully and salute with profound welcome the Phoenix fire that animates it.

The book is a treasure-house of folk-lore and curious knowledge. It ranks among the readable dictionaries of the world. But above all one is struck by a quality that would lead one to call it an artist's dictionary.

At the beginning of the language revival enthusiasm of a profound nature illumined all things for the workers. Scholars and students set up a current between them that miraculously kindled the stern rock of research into emotional flame. The scholars, whose labours were awakening, the long-sleeping mystery of the land, inspired the students with something of the reverence due to prophets or saints. Everything research brought to light lay under the prevalent glow—the very sunshine of the national heart. And there, it was seen to be no common treasure trove, but a trove of sacred relics—things frail and holy, to be touched with gentleness and awe, to be borne aloft in processional, or carried secretly for protection and humility.

Such an atmosphere brooding, like a bright cloud, about the birth of Father Dineen's dictionary must, one imagines, have been propitious to the emotional quality of the book.

The dictionary fuses the old literature with the spoken vernacular—nothing less than this miracle was demanded of a dictionary which was to bear witness of the radiant moments of renaissance. It was necessary that some one should appear who was equally master of the old books and the living speech; one who should bring together the long-caged words of the one and the flying words of the other. Father Dineen one feels to be not only the master but the comrade of both the old and the young language. He calls the words to him as Saint Francis called the living creatures. The wild fledglings of the speech of his childhood sing in his head; the timid nestlings of antiquity twitter to him from their most inaccessible rocks. He persuades them to give their inner meaning into his hand. His tabulation does not slay nor his classification startle a single one of them. Most willingly they flutter between the sheltering leaves where he has coaxed them, unbereft of a feather of their aesthetic weight or a tint of their historical colour. Open the book anywhere and you get a glimpse of their ruffling dewy feathers—a mutable many-coloured immigration all ready to burst into song at the mere glance of any idle poet.

M. S.

THE ANALYSIS OF MATTER. By Bertrand Russell, F.R.S. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trubner & Co., Ltd. 21s. net.)

The last three decades have witnessed a remarkable change in the nature of the scientific conceptions of the physical universe. The materialistic outlook which came to its full flower at the close of the eighteenth century, and which persisted throughout the nineteenth, has, for reasons inherent in the progress of physical science itself, had to be definitely abandoned. The old dogmatic attitude has also vanished with the increasing recognition of the limitations of the domain of mathematical physics, and the realization that the only aspect of reality with which it deals is that of its mathematical properties or structure. In *The Analysis of Matter* Mr. Bertrand Russell discusses the philosophical implications of recent speculations in theoretical physics and their relation to what we perceive and what really exists.

He first takes up the theory of relativity and the mysterious and seemingly paradoxical quantum theory, more particularly in their bearings on the scientific concept of matter, and analyses them as logical structures. He brings clearly to light the extreme abstractions of purely logical deductive theories such as the former, resulting in a gulf between the crude data of observation and the constructions of the mathematical physicist which is by no means easy to bridge. Indeed, the validity of the interpretation of certain equations in terms of empirical facts—such as the tensor which, in the theory of relativity, Prof. Eddington identifies with the existence of matter, becomes far from obvious. As the author remarks, "If Dr. Johnson had known Eddington's definition of matter, he might have been less satisfied with his practical refutation of Berkeley."

Mr. Russell's main object is to build up a philosophical system which will render the transition from perception to physics more credible, or at least less vague. Matter, as such, having been largely replaced in physics by the idea of energy, the way is left open for a representation of the physical world as a structure of "events."

Any discussion of how the author develops this idea so as to permit of it forming a possible basis for physics without losing touch with perception lies beyond the scope of this review. It will be seen, however, that Mr. Russell has been largely influenced by the ideas of Dr. Whitehead, though he differs from him in certain important respects, and is, in general, more cautious in developing the metaphysical implications of his system.

Any speculations as to the philosophical outcome of modern scientific theories must, however, as Mr. Russell admits, necessarily be of a tentative nature, due to the somewhat chaotic state—in spite of amazing successes on the empirical side—in which physical science finds itself to-day. Efforts to discover a fruitful hypothesis and a mathematical technique capable of satisfactorily resolving the riddle of the quantum theory and removing it from its present state of isolation from other physical ideas are producing a mass of scientific literature at such a rate that anything published becomes immediately out of date.

Yet on the solution of this problem depends in a large measure the answer to a question of no little philosophical importance, namely, whether the structure of the physical world may be said to be fundamentally continuous or discrete. Again, though Mr. Russell apparently accepts Weyl's extension of Einstein's theory of relativity, embracing electro-magnetic phenomena, it would seem,

judging from the recent address by Prof. Whittaker to the mathematical section of the British Association, that this and kindred added complications to the Einstein space-time metric are now suspect and presumably must be looked upon as merely *ad hoc* hypotheses logically untenable.

In the meantime, Mr. Russell's book may be welcomed as a suggestive contribution to the problem of finding a philosophical basis for science in which a connecting link may be traced between its high abstractions and the direct deliverance of the senses, though it must be admitted that the reader unacquainted with the methods of mathematical logic may find the pathway offered very obscure.

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A HISTORY OF HEBREW CIVILIZATION. By Alfred Bertholet. Translated by the Rev. A. K. Dallas, M.A. Harrap. 12s. 6d. net.

This is a version of Professor Bertholet's *Kulturgeschichte Israels*, a work which is considered as presenting the latest scholarship on the Old Testament. The translator says, "The author writes from the critical standpoint, and this is one of the most valuable aspects of the book. When the Hebrews invaded Palestine they came from the nomadic life of the desert into the midst of a civilization that was already old, and the reader of these pages will understand better than before the nature of the syncretism that followed, and will appreciate more clearly the work of the Hebrew prophets and the problems they had to face."

The work of recent excavations is described, with abundant annotations, in the early chapters, under the title "Civilization of the Invaders." This title covers also an account of the ancient life of the desert. Against this background the Old Testament narrative is set in clear relief. Later chapters deal with political, social and intellectual life, and with the growth of the Old Testament. The book is packed with learning, and written in a manner which must inspire the lay-reader with confidence in the author. Perhaps the section on "What Israel Knew"—in which the author explains that knowledge in the sense of theoretical knowledge, scarcely existed among the Jews—will be found the most interesting by the general reader. Wisdom when referred to in the Old Testament meant practical knowledge, and did not imply any conception of relations or universals. In this classification of Professor Bertholet, no doubt a disputable one, the exact sciences come under the heading of theoretical knowledge. "The stars sang while creation was going on." The stuff of Hebrew poetry, and of a great part of the poetry of the world, was this wisdom, or practical knowledge, attained through the play of what science would call naive fancy and designed to illustrate the glory of God. Such words as "transitoriness" or "eternity" are not found properly in Hebrew literature, an example of the fact that in his thinking the Hebrew "was not able to dispense with the medium of the senses."

Professor Bertholet sums up the chief results of his survey in a Preface. On the one hand, it should help us to cease bringing the completely different conditions of to-day to our interpretation of the Old Testament. On the other, it should cause us to abandon the idea that Israel was isolated and shut off from the rest of the world. The most varied influences—even those of the Western World—intermingled in Palestine.

J. M. H.

A BIOGRAPHICAL DICTIONARY OF OLD ENGLISH MUSIC. By Jeffrey Pulver. 537 pp. London: Kegan Paul.

A dozen years ago there would have been no public for this fine book. The great majority even of those interested in music knew little or nothing of the work of the early English composers. A few names were familiar to a few people, but merely as names, and their music was never heard in concert hall or church. But in these later days, when music has, by the gramophone and the wireless, been brought into the homes of tens of thousands, the work of the early English composers has been resurrected, and been found delightful. England has recovered some forgotten national glories. William Byrd, for example, who lived before and after William Shakespeare, is described in this book as "undoubtedly the most imposing figure in the whole history of English music." When his work was revived in the churches he was talked of as "the English Palestrina." Now one talks of Palestrina as "The Italian Byrd." When a Byrd composition first appeared on a gramophone record, and an instructed amateur inquired from his dealer:—"Have you any Byrd records?" it was possible for the dealer to reply:—"Yes, sir. Nightingale or thrush?" Now Byrd's name is recognised everywhere. His Masses attract music lovers to Westminster and other Cathedrals. He is important, too, in the history of keyboard music by his compositions for the virginal, and has even been claimed as the inventor of the fugue. And this forgotten genius was only one of scores of English musicians who in their day commanded the respect of Europe. There were, indeed, so many of them that Mr. Pulver confesses that his greatest difficulty in the preparation of this very welcome volume was not to discover enough musicians to fill it, but rather to decide which to omit in order to keep the book of manageable size. The book deals only with musicians who were active up till the death of Henry Purcell. It is arranged as a dictionary. There was a natural temptation to make it a connected narrative of the history of English music. But Mr. Pulver wisely chose to make it a series of biographies. They are admirably written, full of information, and will tell the average music lover all he desires to know. The volume is printed in clear and easily legible type, and is not too large to be handled conveniently.

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MOTHERHOOD AND ITS ENEMIES. By Charlotte Haldane. 8vo. Pp. 255. London: Chatto and Windus. 1927. Price 6s. net.

The sooner that a censorship of books dealing with scientific subjects is established, the better will it be for the world. There is nothing to prevent a plumber or bricklayer from writing the unscientific and, in some respects, ignorant nonsense which is contained in the work under review. If it is for the layman or laywoman, it is dangerous; if it is for the scientist, it is nauseous. It deals with biblical history and the advantage of professional over amateur prostitutes. Mary Wollstonecraft and Charlotte Brontë are quoted as governesses with brains. There is a good deal of space devoted to a subject which has already been well ventilated in the Press—Motherhood depriving women of their jobs. Finally, we must protest against a non-medical writer (for surely Charlotte Haldane "author of 'Man's World'" is not a doctor) writing on definitely medical points: to illustrate this we must quote:—"Very often a mother herself

may know what should be done, but is impotent to obtain the required treatment. For instance, a woman scientist recently went to a nursing-home to be delivered of her first child. Labour was long and difficult, but no injections of pituitrin were given to speed it up. The doctor had ordered morphia as a sedative, but not until labour had lasted for over forty hours did the nurse administer it, and by the time the doctor was summoned, the mother was completely exhausted and the child was almost born. This mother knew perfectly well what should have been done, and would doubtless have acted more wisely had she dispensed with the aid of a "trained" nurse altogether, and obtained the assistance of her husband (a biologist) or an intelligent relative. The tendency to sadism in spinster maternity nurses is again and again responsible for unnecessary pain suffered by their patients during labour; in addition their timidity and ignorance cause further misery when they are compelled to administer drugs."

Our comments on this quotation are as follows:—

- (1) Pituitrin is a proprietary name.
- (2) It is dangerous to give in many labours which are long and difficult; it must always be administered with great caution.
- (3) Speeding up labour by means of it might cause, and has caused, death.
- (4) The doctor who orders a drug, and has not sufficient control of his nurses to see and to know that his orders are carried out, should not be allowed to practise.
- (5) The remarks of the author with regard to spinster maternity nurses are a gross prevarication and a cruel libel on the most hard-working, underpaid, and unselfish body of women in the world.

B. S.

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THE MAKING OF AMERICANS. Being a History of a Family's Progress. Written by Gertrude Stein, 1906—1908. (The Three Mountains Press, 29 Quai d'Anjou, Ile Saint-Louis, Paris.)

Most people interested in the developments of modern English Literature know something about Miss Gertrude Stein's work. In case there are any who have not yet come across it I quote a typical sentence taken at random from this bulky quarto of 925 pages.

"David Hersland as I was saying was one wanting it that he should be one realising every minute what there was in life to be a thing going on being doing. He was one doing this thing in all of his living from the beginning of being one being living to the end of his being one being living, that is to say from his being in the middle of his beginning being living to the ending of the beginning of the middle of being living."

Every fresh generation of vital writers discards to a large extent the forms used by previous generations. It seems to be a necessity for progress. But Miss Stein is more comprehensively devastating in her iconoclastic sweep than the ordinary innovator of genius. For she attacks what have come to be considered by civilized minds as the very fundamentals of the art of writing.

On reading a sentence like that quoted for the first time one instinctively exclaims "I do not understand." And I think that is exactly what Miss Stein intended. She does not want us to go on understanding in the way we have always been understanding. She wants us to use a hitherto unused, or long disused, part of our nature, and to understand in a new way.

Everyone knows that if we isolate, in our minds, any single word, and repeat it over a few times, it turns, from the familiar unconsciously grasped symbol of everyday use, into something curious, uncanny and far away. It resolves itself into a primal sound and suddenly becomes meaningless, until we peremptorily reclothe it in its familiar associations. If we could continue this practice long enough, resolutely divesting the word of all its adventitious accretions, and deliberately refusing to let it fall back into its familiar usage, the meaningless might disappear in the glimmer of a new perception. The word would then yield up to us some impressions of a mode of consciousness that existed before mankind became so highly self-conscious, and introspective as they are at present.

It is in some such way as this I think that Miss Stein is making towards the new understanding.

And for this purpose she has let herself run amuck amidst our nice little rules of ordered sentences and appropriate words. She pitches words at us, not to make pictures or meanings, but first, to confuse us, then to stun us, and when we awaken from the resultant unconsciousness, to create in us a desperation that drives us to clutch at some unpredictable support for our reeling mind. Our literary condition is so parlous she must bludgeon a way for us to go. It is a hard road. There is the giving up of all the simple and easy pleasures we get from literature at present, and going forth, like reading Abrahams, into the jungles of unexplored experiences where progress is thwarted at every turn.

But what else is to be done? Individuality in imaginative literature is practically gone. We read through hundreds of modern novels and the impression left by each one in the mind is practically the same. Then the authors think they will escape from the toils of the nonentity in which they are caught by writing longer and still longer books. And so we have the trilogies which are now so frequent, and the interminable records of complete families of characters, all ending in the dullness and obscurity of the mist of sameness.

Miss Stein's message is that the literary man should think first—not about thoughts, ideas, perceptions, principles,—not about facts, deeds or any sort of doing—but about words. Let words be our teachers. Let us evolve a ritual of the worship of words. Let us listen reverently for their message. Let us put them together in all conceivable and inconceivable ways, regardless of any use or meaning, so that haply we may come upon the laws of their being, and search out the secret depths of their existence. In olden days there were words of power, and words of might, and words that opened up the way to mysteries and to the control of the forces of nature. These are not altogether idle tales or fancies. It is some such idea as this that lies behind Miss Stein's endeavours.

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THE WHITE BOLLE-TRIE. A Wonder Story by Kenneth Sarr. (Dublin: The Talbot Press. 5s. net.)

If the author of this little book has never "walked on Sinbad's yellow shore" he has, at all events, sailed near enough to the enchanted islands to capture

some of the "Music that comes from the far strange places," enough of the wizard light which plays on them, to bathe every page of it in that unmistakable glow. "A Wonder Story"—so runs the sub-title, and a wonder story it is. And, moreover, a story wonderfully told—simple, direct, authentic. Even the wise eyes of childhood will find little to find fault with in Mr. Sarr's method as he unfolds for us, scene by scene, the story of the little Donegal boy, Owney Connors, "Brown-skinned, straggledly-haired, given to looking as if the sight of you recalled a dream."

And perhaps the secret of it is that Mr. Sarr has no method at all. From the first sentence, which reads like a stage direction, to the end, it is all thrown together, heaped up and gathered together like a bundle of autumn leaves: but as we go further strange lights and gleams come dancing through them and long before we reach that well-nigh perfect description of an Irish dawn with which the story so aptly finishes, we are handling fairy gold. And so Mr. Sarr, having upset some treasured theories of "writing" in the doing of it has also reversed the traditional order of the fairy-tale as we know it, and after all who has a better right to do so than one who has so obviously the freedom of the "many-coloured land."

We congratulate the Talbot Press on having given us this delightful first book (for so we believe it to be), and, we add with real pleasure—on the manner in which they have sent it forth.

* * * * *

"SO THIS IS DUBLIN!" By M. J. MacManus. Illustrated by Sean O'Sullivan. (Dublin: The Talbot Press. 2s. 6d. net.)

Undeterred by the knowledge that the people of Ireland are notoriously and stupidly sensitive to criticism, the author of *The Green Jackdaw* has bravely come forward again with a new consignment of "quips and oddities." And he is justified in doing so; for the few "immortals" amongst our writers who come in for notice are as much above resentment as they are above those niggardly qualities in which such resentment has its origin. I have no doubt, for instance, that the author of *The National Being* and *The Candle of Vision* and *The Interpreters* will chuckle just as heartily as any other reader when he learns that

"Mr. George Russell
Never moved a muscle
When an American one day at tea
Said, "Say, just who is this A.E.?"

Nor will Dr. Yeats feel seriously inclined towards taking action when he reads of that (imaginary) interview with the little lion-hunter from the U.S.A.:—

"Miss Sadie Brown (who's from the States)
Asked Mr. Yeats (pronounce it Yates)
If she might have his autograph.
He said, "Now, please, don't make me laugh!
Although you do not seem to know it,
I'm really not a minor poet!"

And the "Three jolly gentlemen" who "went on a spree, B—ll—c, Sh—w, and G.K.C." (unless the years have brought dullness on them), will enjoy the description, told in right rollicking verse, of their Last Crusade. That sparkling

piece of nonsense, even without the terrific drawing which illustrates it, is well worth the modest half-crown for which the whole book may be purchased. In the section which bears the title of *The New Irish Credo* Mr. MacManus has some pointed shafts which should find their targets,

That an artist who paints from the nude is a highly immoral and debased scoundrel.

That the Abbey Theatre was started for the express purpose of caricaturing the Irish peasant.

That the Lily of Killarney is the world's greatest opera.

That Mr. G. K. Chesterton is an Irishman.

That Mr. Shaw is not.

That free libraries are dangerous institutions and apt to corrupt the faith and morals of the young.

That poetry cannot be poetry unless it rhymes.

Concerning some of that same "poetry which does not rhyme," by the way, the author has some verses which should be studied by the amateur of the dangerous "vers libre":—

*" You,
who have been spoon-fed
on the devastating drivel written by Tennyson
and that half-wit Wordsworth
(who, if he knew anything
certainly knew nothing about the worth of words),
cannot be expected to appreciate
the New Verse.*

*You have not, you see,
read Freud or Jung,
and you do not know very much
about complexes and inhibitions;
neither are your emotions
vortical.*

*You may have observed
a sunset
and even tried to write a sonnet about it,
but not being a post-impressionist
you have not noticed
how strikingly it resembles
a poached egg.*

*You should read my
" Ode on a Decaying Cabbage,"
it certainly is
the goods."*

Amongst the other portions of this 2s. 6d. bundle of pleasantries, from which I have quoted at haphazard, are "The American's Guide to Dublin," "Fable for Irishmen," "Dubliners," "Literary Gossip," "The New Kiltartan History," "Dooley Redivivus" and "Irish Biography for Beginners," and the man who cannot find his money's worth somewhere between the leaves of this book is expecting too much. Amongst the illustrations which Mr. Sean O'Sullivan has provided the best are, in my opinion, "Tim Healy playing Polo" and the portrait of the "Dubliner"—Mr. Michael Heffernan.

PORTRAIT OF CLARE. By Francis Brett Young. (Heinemann, Ltd. London : 15.)

Portrait of Clare is a good book, a healthy book, a fine book. It is a love romance which covers a period that includes the Boer War and the Great War, both integral factors in its development. It runs to 880 pages, and illustrates every characteristic of the author, his broad sweeping outline, and his capacity for detail alike. But what does it all amount to, from the standpoint of those interested in the development of modern creative art of fiction? Simply nothing. It has all been done over and over again, a hundred times. Mr. Young gives us a charming story, a delightful romance, but he adds nothing to the stature of romantic fiction. And yet on conventional lines this is a noble study, —more a subtle study. For his Clare is a wanton with a keen sense of purity. It is a reconciliation of incompatibles, a microcosm of what every woman is in essence. Mr. Young understands women with a blinding flash of insight, but his men are all lame ducks. It really doesn't matter. For he has had a peep into the boiling cauldron of a woman's heart. And though he wraps his vision in nineteenth century English fiction rags, most men readers will finish a perusal of history as deeply and overwhelmingly in love with Clare as he undoubtedly is himself.

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MEANWHILE. *The Picture of a Lady*. By H. G. Wells. (London ; Ernest Benn, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.)

The title is well chosen, for this book is but an interlude. It seems to me to have been written principally to keep alive Mr. Wells's faith in his own ideas while he is resting preparatory to further effort. For I think Mr. Wells is the sort of man who likes to be constantly turning over his beliefs in his mind to vitalize them. And this is really an excellent practice and should be more frequently adopted than it is. There's plenty of interesting up-to-date talk in this book on matters of vital importance. And people who are attracted by thought, and not in the way of such talk, will appreciate this. And everywhere there is visible the easy handling of the practised novelist used to putting his ideas in this form, which makes it easy reading even for the tired mind. The fundamental idea is the coming of a world wide civilization that will wipe out the injustices caused at present principally by race and class barriers. It is too big a theme to be handled in any adequate fashion in a short novel.

Mr. Wells just flashes it at us in a series of impressionistic facets, and mingles it skilfully with diverting little incidents of everyday humanity that cheer and entertain us. He lets us see for instance his elderly philosopher, who is the chief oracle of these ideas, falling in love with a dashing but heartless young titled lady in the twenties. More, he describes in a fashion that rivals the close-up in the cinema, exactly how the elderly philosopher kissed the young lady. And he does it so well that they seem quite like human beings, and consequently we take the philosopher's high motivated talk with a degree of seriousness that in itself it does not warrant.

There is a lot of the preacher in Mr. Wells. And he constantly uses his highly trained talent as a writer to press home something that may be called his message. It is the gospel of the nineteenth century English mind, which

roughly may be summarized as modern science. But someday a lazy old lurking god will shuffle in his sleep and knock over this flimsy structure called modern science, and when it is completely wrecked mankind will regain a little glimpse of its true destiny. Till then we will continue to read Mr. Wells' books with interest, for there is really something very stimulating and at times virile about them.

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THE COURTEOUS REVELATION. By Dudley Carew. (John Lane, The Bodley Head, Ltd. 7s. 6d. net.)

An interesting book, in modern fashion, showing traces of the influence of other recent writers. There is more thought than characterization or plot in it. But this is strictly in keeping with the new ideas of fiction. It is well written too. There are many fine passages in it. Its great defect is that it falls just in between a study in psychology and a story. I think Mr. Carew has the makings of an unpopular modern novelist in him. But little inconsistencies here and there, in his chief character, Peter Stubbs, show that he writes at different levels of insight. Peter Stubbs swings too casually at times from the uncultured moralist to the eclectic appreciator of subtle phases of artistic experience. From the standpoint of the reader this is fatal, for it mars the character. This is due to Mr. Carew's deficiency in the technique of his art. I think he will overcome this in future work. He has a sense of style, and of the value of words, but there is a certain looseness and vagueness in the outlines of his characters which I think denotes absence of insight, or not enough preparatory thinking.

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MELILOT. By Norman Anglin. (Jonathan Cape. London: 7s. 6d. net.)

Melilot certainly deserves attention. The style is not easy. But the book compensates in strength and depth for what it lacks in fluidity of style. Indeed it is doubtful if the hard, stony and complex people Mr. Anglin writes about could be portrayed in a limpid style. One feels here the writing of a soul with vast experience. The author does not skim easily over surfaces. He wrestles with principalities and powers. And in his mental wrestling he strikes out a flash that denotes originality of outlook and insight. The time boundary of this novel is significant. *Melilot* is a school girl just home for good from school. And the startling events of the story are compressed into about a week or so after her arrival. The mixture of maturity and immaturity in this eighteen or nineteen year old girl is well caught. The scene is a mountainous country in Wales and something grim and stark, as mountains so often are, enters into this story. The book is realistic, and yet has the cold glimmer of an imagination that revels in bleakness. And it is provocative and stimulating, and suggests more than the writing actually portrays.

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DUSTY ANSWER. By Rosamund Lehmann. (Chatto and Windus. 7s. 6d.)

A study, amazing in its sustained lyricism, of a girl's personality. The writer has a poet's insight and gift of using irony without destroying life. Surprise increases our pleasure nowadays when we come upon a portrait, in a world increasingly hung with scientific diagrams. And in this book we have no

skeletons skilfully exposed, nor sinews cleverly extracted. Life is caught and held without the aid of scalpel or forceps. Something of inner mystery is revealed. Something of the vivid sorrow, the spraying laughter, the musical intensity of the "torrents of Spring" rings in our ears. Rosamund Lehmann has a notable power of bringing shades of emotion to a delicate and lovely externality.

M.S.

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THE DOCTOR'S WOOING. By Charles Phillips. Devon Adair Co. New York.

We were rather weary of novels when this book arrived from America "with the author's compliments," and, although we were sensible of the compliment, and appreciative, we put the book aside with a sigh. Three weeks later we had to make a train journey of four hours through a countryside of which we knew every stone and blade of grass. We thought of Mr. Phillips, and we put his book into our suitcase. All newspapers were exhausted in less than forty minutes after the journey began, and we turned to *The Doctor's Wooing*. The next thing we knew was that we were at our journey's end just at the most engrossing part of the story. Mr. Phillips is an American and a professor at the University of Notre Dame in Indiana, and he has written what should prove to be one of the best books of the year. Let it be said at the start that the reader should disregard the title of the novel entirely except for identification purposes, otherwise he will be put out of focus as he reads the charming story of Rhoda and David. Rhoda is a Polish-American girl, whose father, on his deathbed, admonished her to beware of a certain capitalist who wanted to buy her land. Into the farmhouse one day David wanders casually and a friendship, which later develops into something deeper, begins. What follows is well told and the reader is kept in wonderful suspense as to what the outcome will be. David is the son of the designing capitalist, who is as determined upon separating the boy and girl as he is to get the latter's land. It is not an ordinary story of plotting and grabbing, nor is there any of those thrills associated with America's Wild West. The book is human of theme, human of handling, and very human of climax. Where the Doctor comes in, whom he woos and with what success, does not matter. Rhoda and David are the two who alone count and their story must be read to be appreciated. We thank Mr. Phillips for this very delightful novel, and we recommend it to everybody looking for a well-told, well-written wholesome story.

J. J. H.

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THE BEADLE. By Pauline Smith. Jonathan Cape. Price 7s. 6d.

This is the authoress's first novel although she is well-known as a writer of short stories of South African life. In *The Beadle*, Miss Smith finds her inspiration in an out-of-the-way community located in the Little Karoo district of South Africa. It is a most interesting study of a people whose every action is judged by Biblical standards as they understand and interpret them. But it is a particular study of a young girl who has been brought up under the rigid disciplinary methods of two aunts. This girl is really the chief character in the story, but throughout there wanders the intriguing character of Aalst

Vlokman, the beadle, whose real significance does not establish itself until the psychological moment.

Brimful of arresting detail, even to the description of the annual festival of the Sacrament, *The Beadle* captivates from beginning to end. There is not a dull chapter in the novel. Miss Smith has fulfilled every hope which her short stories had inspired.

J. J. H.

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THE OLD BRIDGE. By J. W. Locke. The Bodley Head. Price 7s. 6d.

In *The Old Bridge*, Locke strikes a new vein and one has not proceeded very far in the story without feeling that he has re-captured that peculiar intimate way of telling a story, which one missed in his immediately preceding novels. In these he seemed to be the detached narrator, but in the story of *Perella* he is once more in complete sympathy with his characters. *The Old Bridge* is a charming novel.

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CROSS TRAILS. By Herman Whitaker. W. Collins and Son. 7s. 6d.

SACK AND SUGAR. By Mrs. Alfred Sidgewick. W. Collins and Son. 7s. 6d.

THE ALLBRIGHT FAMILY. By Archibald Marshall. W. Collins and Son. 7s. 6d.

Three stories differing very materially in character but all three equally interesting as light literature. Mr. Whitaker's tale is laid in the wilds of Canada, into which a girl, whose marriage has been made unhappy by another woman's jealousy, plunges. The story contains a full description of the perils of snow-storms and privations of a winter in the Canadian woods, while the love interest is always well sustained. Mr. Marshall, whose tales of English country life are always delightful, introduces an American aunt of great wealth into the family life of the Allbrights. Arriving as a guest Aunt Abigail soon assumes control and even takes it on herself to arrange the love affairs of the family. The Allbrights' problem consists of how to end the dictatorship without offending the wealthy aunt. It is solved very entertainingly. An excellent book for a dreary wet Sunday afternoon, a comfortable armchair and a fire.

In *Sack and Sugar*, Mrs. Sidgewick has written a brilliantly satirical story. Madam Colmar, the middle-aged widow and mother of several grown up children, is the possessor of an acute sense of humour, and her comments on the eccentricities of her several offspring constitute a running fire of wit. A clever book.

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THE FOOTSTEPS THAT STOPPED. By A. Fielding. W. Collins and Son. 7s. 6d.

FLY LEAVES. By Mrs. Henry Dudeney. W. Collins and Son. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Fielding's story is a mystery tale of the detective variety, but it is so overloaded with detail and counter-detail that one feels that the author is endeavouring to prolong the story rather than solve the mystery of the murder of Mrs. Tangye. A detective story to be intriguing must not tax the reader's

patience. It should run smoothly and logically to its end with reasonable speed. Mr. Fielding's story does not fulfil these conditions.

In *Fly Leaves* the authoress has included eleven wonderful little cameo studies, and several of them would lend themselves to very successful dramatization. Each tale deals with English countryside folk and there is excellent characterization. That which made a particular appeal to us was *The Dance*, a very human but highly dramatic tale.

J. J. H.

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BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES.

A PRIMER OF BOOK-COLLECTING. By John T. Winterich. Greenberg, New York. 2 dollars, net.

Within recent years New York has ousted London from its position as the centre of the book-buying world; of the world, that is, that buys old and rare books. Baseball now has a serious rival in bibliomania, and every week there are large shipments of old calf-bound volumes across the Atlantic to cope with the new craze, for the appetite seems to grow by what it feeds upon. Nor do collectors "over there" desire in any way to hide their light under a bushel; they are all anxious to tell the world about their chiefest treasures. In recent years we have had large and handsome volumes from such ardent and fortunate collectors as Dr. Newton and the late Mr. Arnold Harris, describing with a wealth of illustration and a satisfying exactness their "uncut" and pristine Johnsons and Goldsmiths, Lambs and Tennysons. And now we have Mr. Winterich with his primer of book-collecting, in which he sets out to acquaint his countrymen with some knowledge of the mechanics of the business. On the whole, he does his task very well. He writes pleasantly, with a strong sense of humour, and without any attempt at profundity. He is concerned entirely with the "how," and not at all with the "why," of the collecting craze, and the beginner—especially the American beginner—will learn much from these readable pages. If he appears to devote an undue space to such writers as Stephen Crane, Bret Harte and Nathaniel Hawthorne, one must remember that he writes primarily for Americans, where their importance, bibliographically considered, is out of all proportion to what it is on this side. But even the English collector will find much that is interesting in such chapters as "Association Books" and "What makes a rare book rare." The last chapter closes the book in true American fashion with a section headed "Dollars and Cents." That, alas, when all is said and done, seems to be (with such virtuous exceptions as Dr. Arthur Newton and Colonel Isham) the average American's only standard of value in the acquiring of old folios and quartos.

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AN IRISH "DISCOVERY."

The most exciting literary find of recent years has been that of the contents of Boswell's "ebony box," which has just been purchased from Lord Talbot de Malahide by Lieutenant-Colonel Ralph Isham, a notable American book-collector

and Johnsonian enthusiast. In the true sense of the word, there has been no "discovery" in connection with the matter, for the existence of the treasures, though not their exact nature, has always been known. Boswell's descendants have always been a somewhat difficult problem with students of the Johnsonian period, and many a well-meaning American has found that his pious and somewhat arduous pilgrimage to Auchinleck Castle has ended in a curt and cold dismissal from the family doorstep. Why the famous "ebony-box" has so long remained neglected since it came into the possession of the late Lord Talbot de Malahide after his marriage to the biographer's granddaughter, is not made clear, but it is mournful to learn that of its principal treasure, the original manuscript of the "Life of Johnson" with all Boswell's alterations and corrections, only some thirty pages have survived. It is some compensation, however, to know that amongst other treasures which have escaped the worm and the damp are a Diary kept by Boswell at the actual time he was writing the "Life," the autograph manuscript of the "Account of Corsica," many unknown and important letters, and an unpublished poem of Goldsmith. These are treasures, indeed, and the literary world will await with some impatience the inevitable volume which will be the outcome of Colonel Isham's purchase.

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BOOKSELLERS' CATALOGUES.

The September Catalogue of Messrs. Elkin Mathews, 4a, Cork Street, London, is devoted mainly to First Editions of 18th Century and modern books. The former portion is particularly interesting and informative, as is to be expected from a firm which appears to have made a speciality of this period. The prices generally reflect the upward tendency which has been evident in recent years where books printed between 1700 and 1800 are concerned, but the fine condition and undoubted rarity of those here offered are a compensatory factor. Outstanding items are the first edition of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall," six quarto volumes in contemporary calf (£21); Prior's "Poems on Several Occasions," the rare pirated edition of 1707, for which £45 is asked; and the second folio Beaumont and Fletcher 1679, at what seems the very low price of nine guineas. In the modern section we notice, to quote only items of Irish interest, Lord Dunsany's rare first book "The Gods of Pegana," in a first edition for £2 10s.; George Moore's "Mike Fletcher," 1889 (£4 10s.); James Stephens' "Adventures of Seumas Beg," 1915 (£1 5s.); and W. B. Yeats' "Poems," first collected edition, 1895 (£4 4s.). The most noticeable feature here is the steady decline in recent years in the value of both Moore and Stephens' First Editions, but that the downward curve has reached its limit we have no reason to doubt.

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Messrs. Dobell's Catalogue No. 72 (December) is rich in items of dramatic interest chief amongst which is a very remarkable collection of these Prologues and Epilogues, on single folio sheets, the publication of which, as Mr. Dobell informs us "became frequent in the middle of the Restoration period." We quite agree with Mr. Dobell when he says that "such a collection as this is of the

rarest occurrence." They range in date from 1682 to 1688 and amongst the writers are Otway, Shadwell, Banks, Tate, and Duffey of facetious memory. Another item of great rarity is No. 572 the *Macbeth* of 1674. Amongst several unusual books of an earlier date is Barnabe Goog's translation of Palingenius "The Zodiake of Life" the first edition in the original vellum wrapper 1588. Poor old Palingenius (his real name, by the way, was Pierre Angelo Manzolli, the pen-name being merely an anagram on this) got himself into rather severe trouble for this and other writings—the Zodiake was placed on the Index—and even after his death it was remembered, for we read that his body was, after interment, taken up and "burnt to ashes," and it must have been of little use to him in whatever place his spirit subsequently inhabited, to know that an elegant writer of a later day, by name Alexander Pope, deigned to borrow from his forgotten pages without acknowledging the debt. An item of Shakespearean interest is (No. 149) a holograph Memorandum signed by Goulding the friend of Sir Philip Sidney and translator of Ovid.

Amongst the many fine books of the 18th century offered I note a copy of the rare (pirated) edition of Prior's *Poems on Several Occasions*. Printed for R. Burroughs, J. Baker and E. Curll 1707. Price £60; and also the first authorised edition of the same book 1709 (at £3 10s.) in the preface to which the aggrieved poet very justly complains that "a collection of poems has lately appeared under my name, tho' without my knowledge, in which the Publisher has given me the Honour of some things that did not belong to me, and has transcribed others so imperfectly, that I hardly knew them to be mine." "This" he goes on to say "has obliged me to publish an indifferent Collection of Poems, for fear of being thought the Author of a worse." A reason for publication which we are not likely to meet with amongst the self-confident young writers of our day.

Some uncommon items of Quaker interest 18 in number and dating from 1671 to 1774 are offered at prices which strike me as extremely moderate in view of the fact that such pamphlets are almost impossible to obtain except in the poorest condition. A note-worthy collection of Pope's early editions includes the First edition (second issue) of *The Dunciad*, Dublin 1728 and in the same volume, *The Progress of Dulness* 1728, a book which is almost as rare.

The section devoted to Engravings, Portraits, etc., contains many things of great Literary, Dramatic and Historical interest and the reproductions of title-pages with which the catalogue is generously illustrated make it one of more than ordinary value.

Messrs. Bernard Quaritch in their Catalogue No. 411 devote a considerable space to works on the occult sciences. "Old Glanvil's book" is here and many another of that ilk. Students of the "Cambridge Platonists" and of the books which formed the subjects of their special studies will find here much to interest them. Alchemy, Witchcraft, Demonology, and the Philosophers' Stone, all these come in for their share of notice and the pages bristle with such names as Dee and Perkins and Lully and the unbelieving Webster, whose folio of 1677 is here (two copies). Other sections of this catalogue consist of Bibles and Theology, Bibliography, European History and Literature and a complete and detailed set of works issued by the Hakluyt, from its foundation in 1846 to the present day.

Mr. B. H. Blackwell's Catalogue of the library of the late Professor Bury contains in addition to its vast store of classical works many entries which should prove of exceptional interest to Irish readers and collectors: Keating's *Three Shafts of Death* (Atkinson) at 21s., Petrie's *Tara Hill* (1839) at 25s., and an autographed copy at that, and the same writer's *Round Towers* (1845) at 30s. will, we fancy find a speedy market, and there are many such in the list. From the same firm we have received an exhaustive catalogue of books on India and the Far East.

Mr. Bertram Rota has celebrated his removal to new premises (76A Davies Street, Oxford Street, W.1) by the issue of a new and exceedingly attractive catalogue which no collector of modern books should be without. Here we have a tempting array of first editions of modern authors, editions de luxe, association copies and autograph letters, mostly in fine condition and at prices well below those found in the average West End booksellers' lists. Amongst Irish authors we find Yeats, Moore, Dunsany, Synge, Æ, and O'Flaherty well represented. A real bargain is a complete set of *Dana*, offered at 15s. As very few copies were printed of No. 2 of this famous periodical, complete sets are extremely rare.

Mr. Daniel Webster (of Kentish Mansions, London Road, Tunbridge Wells) is an English provincial bookseller whose lists are always worth having, if only for out-of-the-way points of bibliography which he so often elucidates. His seventeenth list just received contains no less than 1913 items, ranging from the Elizabethan period to the age of Johnson, with a supplement of modern books. As a detailed review is impossible, it is sufficient to say that Mr. Hunt has brought together an extremely interesting collection of rare and desirable volumes at prices well within the reach of the average collector.

M. J. M.

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BOOKS RECEIVED:

- The Black Book of Edgeworthstown and other Edgeworth Memories. (Faber and Gwyer. 18s.).
- A Family Portrait. By Glenway Westcott. (Thornton Butterworth. 7s. 6d.).
- A London Omnibus. (Illustrated). (Chatto and Windus. 2s. 6d. net.)
- Parrot Pie: A Book of Parodies. By W. K. Seymour. (Harrap. 6s.).
- Come and Listen. (Illustrated). By E. Temple Thurston. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.).
- Garnered: An Anthology of Modern Verse. By Alys Rodgers. (Caxton Press. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Book of the Tree. (Anthology). Ed. by Georgina Mase. (Peter Davies. 10s. 6d.).
- The Scholar's Treasury of Irish Poetry. Selected by S. Gwynn. (Educational Co. 2s. 6d.).
- The Collected Poems of G. K. Chesterton. (Cecil Palmer. 10s. 6d.).
- The Happy Hunting Ground. By A. S. Salley, Jr. (The State Co., Columbia. \$1).
- Comparative Idiom: An Introduction to the Study of Modern Languages. By R. J. Hayes. (Hodges, Figges. 3s. 6d.).

BOOKS RECEIVED—*continued.*

- Kitty the Madcap. By M. McD. Bodkin. (The Talbot Press. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Quest of the Golden Stairs: A Mystery of Kinghood in Faerie. By A. E. Waite. (The Theosophical Publishing House. 10s. net.)
- Benighted. (Novel). By J. B. Priestly. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.)
- The Judgement of Francois Villon: A Pageant-Episode Play in Five Acts. By H. E. Palmer. (The Hogarth Press. 25s.).
- Leonardo the Florentine. By Rachel Annand Taylor. (The Richard Press. 3rs. 6d.).
- Sun and Candlelight. (Poems). By Marion Angus. (The Porpoise Press. 3s. 6d.).
- A Cortege and Other Poems. By A. M. Davidson. (The Porpoise Press. 3s. 6d.).
- A Celtic Anthology. By Grace Rhys. (Harrap. 7s. 6d.).
- Bismarck: A Dramatic Trilogy. By E. Ludwig. (Putnam. 12s. 6d.).
- At Number Fifteen. Domestic Drama in Three Acts. By Alma Brosnan. (Sidgwick & Jackson. 3s. 6d.).
- The Plays of Georg Buchner. Trans. by G. Dunlop. (Howe. 7s. 6d. net.)
- Many a Green Isle. By Clifford Bax. (Heinemann. 7s. 6d.).
- Posterity. By S. King-Hall. (Hogarth Press. 2s. 6d.).
- Trivium Amoris, and The Wooing of Artemis. (By J. Todhunter Dent. 3s. 6d. each).
- Isolt of Ireland, and The Poison Flower. (By J. Todhunter Dent. 3s. 6d. each).
- England Reclaimed. By Osbert Sitwell. (Duckworth. 7s. 6d.).
- Summer. By Romain Rolland. (T. Butterworth. 7s. 6d.).
- Annette and Sylvie. By Romain Rolland. (T. Butterworth. 7s. 6d.).
- Monsieur Croche, the Dilettante Hater. By C. Debussy. (Noel Douglas. 6s. net.)
- Browne's Hydrotaphia. (Replica). (Noel Douglas. 9s. net.)
- Keats Poems, 1820. (Replica). (Noel Douglas. 4s. net.)
- Milton: Areopogitica. (Replica). (Noel Douglas. 4s. 6d. net.)
- Fitzgerald: Omar Khayam (1858). (Replica). (Noel Douglas. 4s. 6d.).
- Tarka the Ottar. By H. Williamson. (Putnam. 7s. 6d.).
- So This is Dublin. By M. J. MacManus. (Talbot Press. 2s. 6d. net.)
- The Bog of Lilies. By M. T. Pender. (Talbot Press. 3s. 6d. net.)
- The White Belle Trie. By Kenneth Sarr. (Talbot Press. 5s.).
- Weirds and Vanites. By Lewis Spence. (Porpoise Press. 6d.).
- The Monthly Criterion. November.
- Some Roman Monuments. By Cara Berkley. Two vols. (Sheed & Ward. 18s. net.)
- The Evolution of the English Hymn. By F. J. Gillman. (Allen & Unwin. 10s. 6d.).

THE MONTHLY CRITERION. Edited by T. S. Eliot. (London : Faber & Gwyer, Ltd. 2s. 6d. net.)

Mr. D. H. Lawrence contributes Part III. of his delightful "Flowery Tuscany." He strikes a note of buoyant optimism quite in keeping with the flowers he is writing about. "As far as experience goes, in the human race, the one thing that is always there is the shining sun, and dark shadow is an accident of intervention." There is sound philosophy at the basis of this almost universal experience. Mr. Middleton Murry in "Concerning Intelligence" replies to the critics of his article "Towards a Synthesis." This discussion has been running for some time. It is concerned with the relative values of "intellect" and "intuition" in the human search for reality. Mr. Murry apparently wants something like a combination of these qualities with the stress on "intuition." But his opponents insist that he is a disciple of intuition only. It is somewhat difficult for the outsider to discover any radical difference in their respective outlooks. As usual in such controversies, the root of the matter is hard to come at, and discussion circles round superficial phases. Mr. Murry's attitude is particularly hard to grasp, because he is reaching out to something that requires an extension of normal powers of comprehension to understand. It is, however, likely that the way of advancement lies more through him than through the conservatism of Mr. Eliot. Mr. Bonamy Dobree writes interestingly about Rudyard Kipling, but there is just a trace of stiffness in his essay as though it arose more from perfunctory thinking than spontaneous appreciation. "The Florentine Journal," by Mr. Arnold Bennett, of which Part I. is printed, seems rather trivial. It is dated 1910. For instance, he attends a performance of "King Lear," and cannot explain the details of the plot to a friend, as he has forgotten it! Mr. Max Rychner in the German Chronicle gives an excellent summary of what he considers are the chief characteristics of Stefan George's work. The ending is, "He has organised a universal human order in his writings. That these have super-personal validity is attested by his followers, who accept them as an obligation for their life and have striven to fulfil them. It is not *the* way but *a* way, irradiated by the light of beauty and inner nobility. Those who follow it absolutely regard themselves as the 'happy few' in Germany."

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SOME SELECTIONS FROM "HIS MASTER'S VOICE" RECORDS.

An exceptionally varied and instructive selection of records come from the famous and always up-to-date "His Master's Voice" Company. Prominent amongst them is the set of four comprising Mendelssohn's Trio in D Minor (Op. 49) with Cortot, Thibaud and Casals playing in the way that only this combination of masters can. The reproduction is at all points superb, whether one considers the exquisite delicacy of the Scherzo or the dramatic massiveness of the culminating Finale. Another item of high artistic merit is that which contains Marcel Dupre's rendering on the organ of the Bach Chorale Preludes, "Sleepers Awake" and "Christ came to Jordan." Experts will know what is meant in saying that here one gets the real organ tone, and a living example of the playing of the greatest master of the organ of this generation. Madame Maartje Offers is a

Dutch contralto with a voice particularly adapted to gramophone recording. One of these records contains two remarkable examples of her style, in Bizet's "Agnus Dei," with organ, cello and harp accompaniment, and a rendering of the seasonable carol, "Noel." Gramophone record buyers have been more often disappointed in vocal subjects than in any other series. But this can be strongly recommended to find favour with even the most critical and discriminating listener. The choir of the Chapels Royal contribute some delightful old carols entitled "Flora gave me fairest flowers," "Welcome sweet pleasure," "The Elves' Song," and "Fair Phyllis." Those interested in the ethereal purity of Elizabethan part singing will welcome these records, the music of which has been edited by E. H. Fellowes, and the performance conducted by Stanley Roper. Amongst a host of other good things, space must be secured to mention Paderewski's most charming interpretation of the first movement of "The Moonlight Sonata" and a brilliant exposition of his own ever-pouplar Minuet, Op. 14, No. 1. Kreisler is represented by Dvorak's well-known "Humoresque" and the "Caprice Viennois" from his own pen. In more popular items there are the "Miserere" and "Home to our Mountains" from Verdi's "Il Trovatore"—extracts known and loved in every household—and entrusted here to singers of the highest rank, Florence Austral and Browning Mummery. Brahms' "Hungarian Dance No. 5 in F Sharp Minor" is a compelling number, and for those who like light music that still is not trashy, "The Sleeping Beauty" by Tchaikowsky, performed by the Royal Opera Orchestra, or "The Dance of the Hours" from Ponchielli's "La Gioconda," by the New Light Symphony Orchestra may be especially recommended.